

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER WEEKLY FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. One copy, four months, \$1.00. One copy, one year, \$3.00. Two copies, one year, \$5.00.

No. 87.

ISADORE.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

Life seemeth dreary,
Wretchedly weary,
No sweet smiles to cheer me, heart sad and sore;
Silent and lonely,
Ah! thinking of
Of my little darling, sweet Isadore.

Were I but near her,
Could I but hear her,
Singing sweet melodies, as in days of yore;
When as a glad lover,
I walked through the clover
With my companion rover, dear Isadore.

Bright scenes of pleasure,
Sweet hours of leisure,
Earth's rarest treasure, can't restore—
She who was dearest,
Truest, sincerest,
Sisterly nearest, fair Isadore.

All that I live for,
Earnestly strive for,
Hope for, covet for, is nothing more—
Then when this life ends,
This saddened strife ends,
I will be nearer to my Isadore.

Spirit immortal!
At heaven's portal,
I know thou'rt waiting, to greet me once more;
I'll soon reach the river,
Where we'll join forever,
To part again never, beloved Isadore!

The Dark Secret: OR, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON,
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)

CHAPTER I.

THE MERMAID.

"Who'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."
—SHENSTONE.

THE time—late in the evening of a raw April day, many a year, most probably, before you were born, my dear sir or madam. The scene—a long, bleak stripe of coast on the Jersey shore, washed by the bright waters of the flowing Hudson.

A low, black, rakish-looking schooner, with a sort of suspicious look about it, strikingly suggestive to nautical individuals skilled in reading the expressive countenances of schooners in general, had just come to anchor out in the river, a short distance from the shore; and a boat, a few minutes after, had put off from her, and landed two persons, who sprang lightly out; while two more, who had rowed them, leaned on their dripping oars, and waited, as if for further directions.

"You can go back, now. I don't want you to wait for me. I'll stop at the Mermaid to-night. If I want you, you know the signal; and tell Sharp Bill to keep an uncommon sharp look-out. Come, my little Spanish Jockey o' Norfolk; put your best leg foremost, hoist all sail, and let's bear down on that full-blown craft, Bob Rowle, of the Mermaid Inn."

The speaker gave his companion a blow on the back, at this passage in his discourse, that sent him reeling, as well it might; and then, with a coarse laugh, sprang, with more agility than might have been expected from his looks, over the wet, slushy, slippery beach, toward the high-road.

He was a man of some forty-five or fifty years of age, short, brawny and muscled, though not stout, with an extremely large head, set on an extremely short neck, which made up in thickness what it wanted in length. A complexion like unvarnished mahogany, with a low, relieving forehead; a pair of sharp, keen, glittering, hawk-like eyes, gleaming from under thick, scowling brows; a grim, resolute mouth, expressive of the most unflinching determination, made up a face that would hardly be associated, in female minds, with the idea of love at first sight. This elegant frontispiece was rendered still further attractive by a perfect forest of underbrush and red hair generally; indeed, there was more hair about his countenance than there seemed any real necessity for; and his tawny hair, set in a top, and token he was a seaman. Yet such he was, and a captain, too: Captain Nicholas Tempest, commander of the Fly-by-Night, at your service, reader.

A greater contrast to the gentleman just described than his companion could hardly have been found, search the wide world over. He was a slender lad, of not more than sixteen or seventeen apparently, with a face that would have been feminine in its exquisite beauty, but for the extreme darkness of the complexion. Every feature was perfect, as faultlessly chiseled as if modeled after some antique statue. His eyes were large, black and lustrous as diamonds; his short, crisp, curling hair, of jetty blackness; while his complexion was darker than that of a Creole. His form was slight, graceful and elegant; his dress odd, picturesque, and foreign-looking, and strikingly becoming to the dark, rich style of his beauty. A crimson sash was knotted carelessly round his waist; and a cap of the same color, with a gold band and tassel, and a single black plume, was set jauntily on his dark curls, and gave him altogether the look of a handsome little brigand, just dressed for the stage.

The burly commander of the Fly-by-Night sprang fleetly up the rocks, followed by the boy, until they left the beach, and struck out on the straggling, unfrequented, lonely-looking road, with only one house in sight, as far as the eye could reach, and that one a low, dingy-looking place, with a black, smoky chimney leaning pensively to one side, and two vacant windows, that stared straight before them with an idiotic, helpless-looking gaze, and a melancholy o' door, that cracked and moaned dismally whenever it was touched. Over this door was a flapping sign, with an uncomfortable-looking female painted on it, who held a comb in one hand, and a small pocket mirror in the other, into which she was gazing with an expression of the most violent astonishment, evidently lost in wonder as to how on earth she had ever got there—as she very well might, indeed; for it was an uncomfortable, not to say



"Here, Orrie! Orrie! Take the lantern and show the gentleman the way to the stable!" said the woman.

distressing place for anybody to be, much less a mermaid. A striking trait about this lady was, that after beginning like any other reasonable Christian, she suddenly and impetuously, and without the smallest provocation, saw fit to branch off into a startling fall, which turned up so that the tip stood on a level with her head, and left her precisely in the shape of the letter U. Under this extraordinary female was painted, in glaring, yellow capitals, "The Mermaid;" and there was a popular legend extant, to the effect that the picture above was a striking likeness of one of those fishy individuals that had been captured by a former proprietor of the inn, while she was combing her sea-green tresses down on the shore. For the truth of the narrative I am not, however, prepared to vouch in this authentic story, as I have only popular tradition for it.

Toward this inviting-looking dwelling, our two "solitary travelers" were betaking themselves, at a leisurely pace, each seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts. Captain Nicholas Tempest, having insinuated about half a yard of twisted tobacco into his mouth, was discharging right and left, with that benign expression of countenance men always wear when chewing the weed; and with both hands thrust in his trousers pockets, he marched along with an independent swagger, that said, as plainly as words: "I'm Captain Nick Tempest, sir, and I don't care a curse for any man!" His handsome companion kept by his side, stepping carefully to avoid the mud, lest it should sully the shining brightness of his Spanish leather boots, and smiling slightly as he caught the contemptuous glances Captain Tempest cast toward him, as he observed the action. And thus, one chewing tobacco and plowing his way straightforwardly along in free and easy scorn of mud and dirt, and the other puddling daintily, and springing over holes and puddles, they marched along in silence for a season.

Captain Nicholas Tempest, transferring his quid, with an adroit roll of the tongue that bespoke long and accomplished practice, to the other cheek, and having discharged a startling fire of tobacco-juice, gave his pantaloons a hoist, and glancing toward his companion, at length lifted up his voice and spoke.

"Well, my little shaver, you've got to America, at last, you see, all safe in wind and limb; though, by George, we did come pretty near going to Davy's locker once or twice during the passage. And now what do you think of it, eh? Hardly equal to the 'vine-clad hills of sunny Spain,' you see, my lad. Rather a dreary and de-o-mine prospect, just at present, ain't it?"

"Yes, somewhat so," said the lad, as he measured intently with his eye a pool of water in his path, and then leaped lightly over it. His voice was soft and musical in the extreme, and was rendered still more so by his foreign accent, though he spoke in excellent English.

"And now that you've got here, Master Jacinto, what do you mean to do with yourself, if it's a fair question?"

"Perfectly fair, Captain Tempest. I mean to take excellent care of myself," said the lad, carelessly.

"Humph! you do—do you? Boys have queer notions about taking care of themselves. I suppose your next move will be for New York city."

"That depends."

"Depends on what?"

"Well, on a good many things generally, and on one thing in particular."

"And what is that one thing? Don't be so

curseful secretive, you little jackanape! I tell you what, my young cove, you had better keep on the right side of me; for it will be the tail-end feather in your cap, if you have the friendship of Captain Nick Tempest. Mind that!"

"I am much obliged to Captain Nick Tempest, and would not offend him for any earthly consideration," said the young Spaniard, in a tone of provoking indifference, as he lightened his sash; "but, at the same time, he must allow me to decline making him my confidant, more especially as it is totally out of his power to aid me in the slightest degree."

Captain Nick Tempest came to a sudden halt, and with his hands still in his pockets, faced round in the middle of the road, his swarthy face flushed, and his brows contracting with rising anger; but, as his eyes fell on the slight, boyish form of the other, he checked himself, and said, in a tone of withering scorn, as he moved on:

"Why, what an independent young gentleman we have here, so self-conscious and wise that he declines all help, and is going to begin life in a land he never set foot in before, on the principle of letting every tub stand on its own bottom. If you were a dozen years older, I would twist your neck for you, for your insolence. A Spaniard more or less is no great loss in the world; and I have settled the lash of many a better man than you will ever be for less than that!"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it, sir," said the lad, with so ready an acquiescence as to sound like flattery, while a slight and almost imperceptible smile broke for an instant over his handsome face.

"Oh, you haven't!" growled Captain Nick, slightly mollified. "Well, then, let me give you a piece of friendly advice: don't attempt to provoke Captain Tempest. You had a passage over in my bark, and we've broken bread together, and been good friends all along; and I don't know but what I kinder liked you; but still, I tell you, as a friend, don't provoke me, Master Jacinto."

"Really, Captain Tempest, I had no intention of offending you, and regret exceedingly having done so," said the youth, bowing deprecatingly. "But the fact is, I could not, if I would, tell you my plans; for I do not know myself, having formed none as yet. Most likely I shall do as I have always done—trust to luck, and let to-morrow take care of itself."

"A mighty profitable maxim, and a beautiful way of passing through life," said the captain, with a sneer. "Trust to luck, indeed, the slippery jade! No, sir, I wouldn't trust her the length of my nose, and that's none of the longest either."

"Providence, then, if you like that better. Don't you trust in Providence?" said the boy.

"Providence!" said Captain Nick, jerking out his tobacco, with a look of utter contempt. "Faugh! don't make me sick. I think I see myself trusting in Providence! No, sir. Since I was knee-high to a duck, I've put my trust in something that has never deceived me yet, and never will while one timber of this queer craft of a world hangs together; and I'd advise you, my little Spanish friend, to do the same."

"Indeed! perhaps I may. What is this wonderful sheet-anchor called?"

"Captain Nick Tempest, sir," said that individual, drawing himself up, and fixing his flashing eyes on his companion's face. "I've trusted in him, sir, and I'll back him against luck and Providence, and all the other sheet-anchors in the world. Luck! I ought!" said the

captain, with a look of disgust, as he let fly a last volley of tobacco-juice.

The boy would have smiled, but there was a warning gleam in the fierce eyes of the captain that forbade it; so he said nothing, and again they walked on for a short distance in silence, and sulkiness on the part of the gallant commander of the Fly-by-Night.

"Is that the inn we are to stop at?" at length inquired the boy, Jacinto.

"Yes," said the captain, with a sullen growl, "that's the inn I'm to stop at. I don't know anything about yours; and what's more, I don't care. You may go where you please."

Again that slight and seemingly imperceptible smile flickered for a moment round the lad's handsome mouth; but it was gone directly, and he was standing with his hand in the captain's arm, and his dark, bright eyes fixed on his gruff, surly face, saying, in his soft, musical accents:

"Come, Captain Tempest, forget and forgive; it is hardly worth your while to be angry with me. We have been good friends since the day we left merry England until this; and as there is no telling how soon we may part now, it will never do to quarrel at the last moment."

"Quarrel!" said Captain Nick, contemptuously. "Quarrel with a little pinch of down like you! Why, I'd as soon quarrel with a woman! Not much fear of you and I quarrelling, my young shaver!"

"Well, let us be friends then, as we were before. Come, captain, shake hands on it—if I spoke impudently that time, I am sorry for it. Will that do?"

He held out his hand—a small, fair, delicate hand, that no lady need have been ashamed of—and looked up, with a pleading face that was quite irresistible, in the gruff captain's face. Captain Nick, with a stifled growl, took the boy's hand in his own huge digit, and gave it a crushing shake.

"There! don't come it over me with your soft-sawder, Master Jacinto, if you please," he said, as if half-angry with himself for the liking he could not help feeling for the handsome boy. "You've got a sweet tongue of your own; and though it can sting pretty sharply at times, you are always ready to plaster the wound over again with some of that same honeyed-balsam. You see, you can't take me in, my lad. You'll have to cut a few more of your eye-teeth before you can manage that. Here we are at the Mermaid, and there she swings herself, the same picture of ugliness she has always been since I first had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Wonder if old Rowle has thought proper to die of apoplexy yet?"

As he spoke, he passed through the low doorway, and entered the house, closely followed by Jacinto. The door opened straight into the bar-room—a low, dirty, smoke-begrimed place, with a strong odor of ardent spirits and sawdust pervading it. Numerous casks were ranged round the walls; and on the shelves behind the counter were arrayed bottles, decanters and glasses, and all the other paraphernalia common in such places. Leaning over the counter, with his back to the door, and busily engaged in turning over the greasy leaves of a dirty little account book, was a fat, round-about little man, with a rosy face, indicative of an unlimited amount of solemn good nature.

"I say, old Bob Rowle! what cheer, my hearty!" called Captain Nick, giving the little man a slap in the back that nearly knocked him into a jelly. "Alive! and kicking yet, I see! What a precious long time the old boy is at claiming his own, to be sure!"

"Captain Nick Tempest," said the little man, slowly, as he laid down his pencil and book, and looked solemnly in the face of his boisterous guest, "and so you've come back again, have you? I might have known it was you, for nobody ever knocks the breath out of my body till you come. Who is this?" said Mr. Rowle, looking with his slow, grave gaze toward the young Spaniard, who was leaning carelessly against the door-post.

"Oh, a customer I've brought you—a young chap from beyond the seas," said the captain, flinging himself into a chair; "come in, Jacinto, and make yourself at home. How's the old woman, Bob?"

"Mrs. Rowle is per-fec'-ly well," slowly articulated Mr. Rowle, taking a prolonged look at Jacinto, "per-fec'-ly well, thank you. Is the men coming up to-night?"

"Not to-night. I'm going to swing my ham-mock here myself to-night. How's trade these times, old buffer? Many customers at the Mermaid?"

"Ye-es," said Mr. Rowle, deliberately, "ye-es, sometimes there is; and then, again, sometimes there isn't. Vessels principally bring customers, but they don't stay long, mostly the reverse. Generally, it's quiet here. Uncommon so."

"Well, it's likely to be brisk enough while I stay; my men are the very dicker for spending their money. And now, my fat friend, just let me have something to eat—will you? I feel hungry enough to eat myself, bones and all, if you were properly stuffed and roasted. Come, hurry up!"

By way of complying with this request, Mr. Rowle waddled leisurely to a door at the other end of the room, and opening it, he called, in a husky falsetto: "Mrs. Rowle—e-e!"

"What do you want?" called a brisk voice from within, as a merry-looking little woman, like her husband, somewhat of the dumpy order, came to the door, and peeped out.

"Captain Nick Tempest has arrived, and wants some food."

"Oh, marcy sakes! Captain, how d'ye do?" said Mrs. Rowle, bustling out, and holding out her hand to the burly captain. "How unexpected people keep a-turning up! I'm rilly glad to see you. I rilly am, now."

"Thankee, Mrs. Rowle—thankee!" said the captain, as he sprang up, and gave the buxom dame a rousing salute on the cheek, while Mr. Rowle looked on in solemn dismay. "And how do you find yourself, old lady? Blooming like a hollyhock, as usual?"

"Lor' captain, behave yourself, can't ye?" said Mrs. Rowle, jerking herself away, and wiping the offended cheek with her check apron: "please goodness, you've no more manners nor a pig. Hey! who's this? Lor' bless me! where did this uncommon handsome young gentleman come from?" she exclaimed, suddenly, catching sight of Jacinto, who was still leaning carelessly against the door.

The boy doffed his cap, and bowed with a smile to the old lady, who gazed at him with unconcealed admiration.

"From Spain, Dame Quickly, if you ever heard of such a place," said the captain. "But never mind his beauty now, while there is more important matters to attend to. Do you know I've had nothing to eat since early noon, and now it's almost night? Come, be spy! I hear something fizzling in there, and, if my nasal organ does not deceive me, something good, too. What is it?"

"Stewed rabbit," said the old lady, whisking

the dust of a chair with her apron, and bringing it over to Jacinto. "Do sit down, sir, and make yourself comfortable. Yes, Captain Nick, yes; every thing will be ready directly. Look, bless me! how excessive handsome that young gent is, to be sure!" said Mrs. Rowlie, *otto voce*, as she hurried into the inner room.

"Yes, that's womankind all over," said Captain Tempest, bitterly. "Let them see a handsome face, and old loves and old friendships are alike forgotten. Curse them all! every mother's daughter of them, I say! Old and young, rich and poor, they are all alike. Even this old fool, now, this noble creature, she is ready to forget and neglect me—who has done more for her than he ever will or can do in his life. And these are the things that men love—that men every day stoop to love, and make fools of themselves for. Talk of cherishing vipers—there never was born a woman yet who would not be a viper if she had it in her power!"

It was evidently some inward feeling, in which good little Mrs. Rowlie had no share, that sent Captain Nick Tempest so excited from his seat, and caused him to pace with such an angry, ringing tread up and down the little room, his face full of such furious, repressed passion. Mr. Rowlie gazed at him, for a moment, in still surprise, and then busied himself in filling a black, stumpy pipe with tobacco, and Jacinto, sitting toying with a little, gray kitten, cast furtive glances at him from under his long eyelashes.

"Smoke?" said Mr. Rowlie, sententially, holding out the black, stumpy pipe to Jacinto.

"No, thank you; I never do," said the boy, with a half-laugh, as he declined the civility.

Mr. Rowlie said nothing, but immediately clapped it in his own mouth, and was soon puffing away until he could be just faintly observed, looming up dimly through a cloud of smoke.

"Come, captain," called the voice of Mrs. Rowlie, at this juncture; "come, young gentleman—I don't know your name," she said, to him, apologetically, as he followed the captain into the inner room. "Or I'd call you it, I'm sure."

"I wouldn't advise you to try it, if you have any regard for your teeth," said Captain Nick. "Call him Mr. Jacinto, if you like. I forget his second name, now; but it's a stunner, and would knock you over if it was a mackerel if you attempted to say it. Draw in, my young hearty. One word's as good as ten—cut away. Amen. There's a grace! Now fall to!"

And, following precept by example, Captain Tempest immediately "fell to," with an appetite six hours old, and sharpened by the sea-breeze to a terrifying extent. Jacinto partook lightly of Mrs. Rowlie's dainties, and looked on between laughter and dismay, as she heaped up his plate for him.

"I say, old woman," said Captain Nick, when business in the supper department began to slacken a little, "when did you see that old witch of Hades—Grizzle Howlet?"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Rowlie, leaning meditatively on her broom. "She hasn't been here, I don't believe, since the night you left. No, she ain't—no since then."

"Humph!" said the captain, thoughtfully, as he resumed his knife and fork, but in a far different manner than before.

At this moment a sudden bustle in the bar-restaurant attracted their attention; a sharp, harsh voice was heard, addressing some question to Mr. Rowlie—evidently the voice of a woman. Mrs. Rowlie looked at the captain and uttered an exclamation, and that worthy man dropped his knife and fork, pushed back his chair, and half arose.

"Marcy sakes!" exclaimed the little woman. "Did you ever? Why, I do declare! if that ain't her own blessed self!"

"Her own blessed self!" said the captain, in an undertone, and with a grim smile. "Her own cursed self, you mean—the old hag! How did she know I was here? I believe there's something of the witch in that old creature, and that she scents her prey afar off. By the pricking of my thumbs, some one wicked this way comes! Is here!" he cried, as the door opened, and the object of his enigmistic look bolt upright before them.

Jacinto turned, in some curiosity, to look at the new-comer, and saw what looked like an old woman, but ought to have been a man, if judged by size. Extremely tall, she towered up in the apartment as straight as a cedar of Lebanon, and fully a head over Captain Nick Tempest. She was dressed in gray—all gray, from head to foot. A coarse gray dress, a gray woolen cloak, with a gray hood tied over her chin, and might have passed for a Capuchin friar, or a "Monk of the Order Gray," only for her evil, unspitting face, such a stern, remorseless mouth, and such a stony, dead, unfeeling eye, as that woman wore. Upright in the door she stood, and scanned Captain Tempest, with folded arms, for full five minutes.

"Well, Grizzle, my old friend," said that gentleman, with a sneer, "you'll know me the next time, won't you? Can't I prevail on you to come in, and sit down, and make your own miserable as possible while you stay. How have you been since I saw you last, my dear? You can't think how I've been pining for you ever since, my love!"

The woman took not the slightest notice of his jibing tone; not a muscle of her iron face moved, as she loomed up like a figure in granite, and looked down upon the contemptuous face of the captain of the Fly-by-Night.

"Oh! so polite, politeness is all thrown away upon you, is it?" he said, after a pause, "and you won't speak. Very well, my darling; just as you like, you know, and I'll let you. Mrs. Rowlie, will you have the goodness to step out to the bar and bring me a pipe? Draw up to the fire, Jacinto; it's cold over this raw evening, and the entrance of that tall blast of north wind yonder has given me the chills. My dearest Grizzle, do come to the fire—there's a duck. You're cold—don't say so—I'm sure you are!" And stretching out his hand in a single fashion, and looking toward her, Captain Tempest began declaring, distractedly:

"Content thyself, my dearest love, Thy rest at home shall be In Rowlie's sweet and pleasant inn, For travel fits not thee."

There's the old ballad for you, altered and improved; and here's our charming hostess with the pipe, Jacinto, my hearty, won't you have a draw?"

Jacinto, who was completely puzzled by the captain's eccentric manner, declined; and glancing toward the tall woman, was slightly disconcerted to find her needle-like eyes fixed on his face with a gaze of piercing scrutiny.

"Who is this boy you have with you, Nick Tempest?" she exclaimed, in a harsh, discordant voice, as she came up, and bending down, seemed piercing the boy through and through with her gleaming eyes.

"Oh! so you have found your tongue, my sweet pet?" said Captain Tempest. "I was afraid you had lost it altogether, which would be an unspeakable pity, you know; for, as the Irish song says, 'you've got an ill-gotten tongue, and easily set a-going.' As to who he is, his name is Jacinto Mandetti, or something about the size of that, and he comes from old Seville—place where they raise sweet oranges; and he is a good-looking youth, as you perceive, though somewhat of the lawniest. And so, no more at present."

Even through his brown skin, the flush that covered the boy's face, under her pitiless gaze, could be seen, as, with a sudden, sharp flash of his black eyes, he rose indignantly, and turned away.

"Well, I'm glad you've got through looking at him and admiring his beauty, my dear," continued the captain, in the same mocking strain. "I was beginning to feel a little jealous, you know, seeing the hearts of young and tender females so easily captivated. Come, sit down here beside me, and tell me how the world has been using you for the last ten months."

"What, devil's deed brings you back now, Captain Tempest?" said the woman, spurning the seat he placed for her away with her foot, and leaning against the mantel.

"Really, my dear Grizzle, your manner of ad-

dress can hardly be called strictly polite; but plainness was always a failing of yours." And he glanced slightly at her forbidding countenance. "I came here to see my friends generally, and to see Mrs. Grizzle Howlet particularly—though that lady's welcome has been indifferent, not to say cool. What malicious fiend, my dearest, has been poisoning your ears against me during my absence?"

"Pshaw, man! don't be a fool!" said the woman, impatiently. "Do you know why I have come here to-night?"

"How should I know?" replied the captain. "Then it must be to warn you, Captain Tempest; for there is danger at hand. Forewarned is forearmed, they say; so, beware!"

"Don't plagiarize, my dear woman. That tragic 'beware!' I have heard once or twice before. I feel quite as ready to do as you, and I used to tread the boards of Old Derby every night, and do the heavy tragedy. Do you remember those happy days, my charmer, when you were Lady Macbeth and I was the murdered Duncan?"

"Tut, tut! the old tragedy is not renewed in real life!" said the woman, with a sharp flash of her eyes. "I can act Lady Macbeth as well to-day as I could then; and," she added, bringing down her clenched hand fiercely on the mantel, "I feel quite as ready to do as you."

"No doubt of it, my dear; no doubt of it. But about this danger with which I am threatened, and which your tender solicitude for my sake has made you take this long and lonely journey to avert—a journey so full of danger, my dear, my charmer, accompanied me in the expedition. Let's see, didn't the prophecy run something like this:

"To be sure I remember it, dear Grizzle. I have had an excellent memory through life, and it's not likely I would forget that night; more especially as you, my charmer, accompanied me in the expedition. Let's see, didn't the prophecy run something like this:

"When thou'rt two score and ten, Thy fortune turns then. There is some one that might thou wilt see, The deadliest foe That thou ever wilt know."

"Yes," said the woman; "and what night is this?"

"This? Why, this is the tenth of April—my birthday, as I'm a sinner! Lazarus Tempest is fifty years old—just two score and ten—this minute, as I'm a sinner. When I then this is the very night!"

As he spoke, the sharp clatter of horses' hoofs rang on the stony street without, and a high, clear voice was heard calling:

"Hollo! within there!"

"And here is the man himself!" cried the woman, starting up, her eyes filling with a dusky fire. Captain Tempest, yod have been warned. Look to yourself!"

"I intend to, my dear," said the captain, with a sneer, as he, too, arose. "What a loss you are to the stage. Kemble could not have spoken that sentence more tragically. What are you going?"

Wrapping her coarse cloak closer about her, and drawing her gray hood down over her face till nothing was visible but a pair of fiery eyes, the woman waved her arm with a gesture, half warning, half menacing, as she cast a last look at the captain.

That gallant mariner responded by a bow as profound as that of an old lady in a minuet, and kissed his hand to her as she disappeared.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!" he said, when she was gone, with a quick, sharp glance toward the boy. "Ugly as original sin, and with the devil's own temper. Ha! the Mysterious Unknown is calling again! As I am likely to have an interest in the gentleman, I think I will just step out and see him. What do you say to coming with me, my lad?"

Nearly a minute passed before the boy either answered or turned round; and when he did so at last, Captain Tempest, with a face from which every trace of color had fled, a white even to the very lips; and with a look so strange and inexplicable in the depths of the dark, lustreous eyes, that it fairly staggered that worthy man.

"Hollo! what's the matter with you, my boy?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"Nothing!" said the boy; but even his voice was changed so that the captain hardly knew it.

Captain Tempest gave him a piercing look, but he could not fathom the sudden emotion that had blanched the cheek and changed the voice of the Spanish boy; and at length he turned away, with a long, wailing whistle that told how completely he was baffled, and followed by Jacinto, passed out of the room to behold his unknown foe.

CHAPTER II.

THE LONE HOUSE.

"Away then hid the heir of Linne, O'er hill, and dale, and moor, and fen, Until he came to a lone house lodge. That stood so low in lonely glen."

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Rowlie were seated in the bar-room, as usual, in the doorway, looking to the stranger, who was on horseback, and could be clearly discovered in the last rays of the fading daylight.

Captain Tempest drew back a little behind the ample person of the worthy host of the Mermaid, and scrutinized the new-comer with more interest than one usually exhibits complete strangers. And very well worth looking at the stranger was, as he sat on his superb horse like a prince of the blood; and the captain could not help inwardly acknowledging that seldom had his eyes fallen on a more gallant figure. He was a young man, of not more than four or five-and-twenty, tall and finely formed, with a certain bold, dashing look that well became him, as a sort of admirable grace about him at once careless and high-bred. His dark, curling hair, his clear, bold blue eyes, his handsome mouth, shadowed by a thick, dark moustache, with his handsome figure, made up what all must have admitted to be a remarkably handsome young gentleman—for a gentleman he evidently was. His dress was travel-stained, his heavy top-boots splashed with mud, and his horse looked as if he had been ridden long and hard.

Holding the reins in one hand, the young man was pointing with his whip toward the north.

"So that's the way to Fontelle, is it?" he was saying, half-musically. "I thought it lay in the opposite direction. Can I reach it to-night, do you think?" he said, turning to Mr. Rowlie.

"Well, yes, sir; you might, and then again you might not," responded that worthy, scratching his bald pate perplexedly. "A gentleman, is it?"

"How many miles is it from here?" asked the stranger, adjusting his horse's girths.

"Well, sometimes it's more, and then again sometimes it's less," replied Mr. Rowlie, sententially.

The handsome stranger looked up and favored him with a stare of so much surprise at this announcement, that Mrs. Rowlie felt called upon to strike in.

"He means, if you please, sir," said that little woman, sipping and smiling little courtesy, "that it's according to the way you go. If you take the turnpike, it's high on forty miles; but if you go over the mountain, it's ten miles less, sir, if you please."

"Oh," said the stranger, enlightened, and touching his hat to the lady in a graceful acknowledgment, "I see; but as I am a complete stranger here, I do not know the way over the mountains; and it would be rather inconvenient, not to say unpleasant, to break my neck just at present. So on the whole, I'll take the road for it; my horse will do it in five hours, I think. Is it going to storm before midnight, think you?" said the stranger, glancing at Mr. Rowlie.

"Well, now, there ain't never no saying about the weather hereabouts, 'cause it generally does what it ain't expected to do. It might rain, you know, and then again it might not," said Mr. Rowlie, evidently determined not to commit himself.

The stranger laughed. "Oh! thank you; quite enlightened. What an acquisition you would be to an almshouse, my good friend. Well, I think I will try your road for it—and an infernal road it is; my horse is a handsome creature, but my friend, good-by, madam," said the young man, gathering up his reins, preparatory to starting.

All this time Captain Nick had been watching him, and listening intently; and now muttering, "Not so fast, my fine fellow. I'll find that out myself, if I have a chance of it," he came out, and stood directly in his way.

"Beg pardon, sir—going to Fontelle, eh?"

"Yes, sir; have you any objection?" said the young man, soothing his horse, startled by the sudden appearance of the captain.

"Not in the least, my young friend. May I ask your business there?"

The young man raised his handsome eyes, and fixed them full on the captain for a moment, and said, quietly:

"Yes, you may; but whether I'll answer, or not, is another question."

"You'd like a guide over the mountains, wouldn't you?" continued the unabashed captain.

"What would you think of me, now?"

"Well, sir, I think you're an odd fellow, 'after mature deliberation on the subject, I should say, if I wanted an impertinent scoundrel for a guide, I should take you. Your face is anything but a letter of recommendation, my good friend."

"Then, by Heaven!" said the captain, his face growing crimson with rage, "my deeds shall not belie my face! Out of this you shall not stir until you have answered for that epithet."

"I'm dear sir, you really must excuse me," said the young man, in his careless way; "I never quarrel, save with gentlemen."

With a fierce oath, Captain Tempest grasped the stranger's bridle-rein so violently that the horse almost fell back on his haunches.

"You violent young puppy! do you know who you are talking to?" he cried, in a voice hoarse with passion.

"Some rascally, low-bred Yankee, I have no doubt, and you're my bridle-rein, and the stranger, calmly, but with a sudden rising light in his eyes that might have warned Captain Tempest of his danger.

But Captain Tempest, hearing only his calm, even tone, and insolently in his face, and grasped it all the tighter. As he did so, a hand was laid on his arm, and the boy Jacinto stood beside him, his momentary emotion all gone, and his face expressing only concern at the quarrel.

"Let go, captain! Why should you quarrel with him, a perfect stranger?" said the boy, earnestly.

"At the sound of his voice the stranger had given a sudden start, and fixed his eyes on his face with a look like one who had been trying to remember something. Jacinto did not meet his gaze—he was looking intently at the captain.

"No to the d—!" was his harsh response, as he shook off the boy's hand, and he held the hold of the bridle, never for a moment relaxing his insulting stare of derisive triumph from the stranger's face.

The words recalled the young man from the transient reverie, and he had exhaled, and with a stern compression of his handsome mouth, and a bright, angry flash of his handsome eye, he turned to the captain.

"Will you let go my bridle-rein, sir?" he said, in a hoarse, stern tone.

"No!" said the captain, with a sneer.

"Then, by Jove! I'll make you!" he cried, and quick as lightning he raised his whip, and cut the captain a blinding slash in the face.

With a shriek of a battle cry, Captain Tempest, bleeding and blinded, sprang back, and with a desperate shout, the young man struck spurs into his horse and flew down the road, shouting back as he did so:

"Good-evening, my kind friend!—better luck next time, my man!—the last glimpse he had of Captain Tempest, showing him livid and foaming at the mouth, in a perfect frenzy of impotent rage.

The young man rode on rapidly for nearly half an hour, casting a glance back every now and then, as if he expected pursuit; and when it became too dark to see, halting at intervals to listen. Nothing met his ear, however, but the distant booming of the sea, and the melancholy wailing of the wind, and he risked each moment, and his sharp pace gradually relaxed; and loosening the reins on his horse's neck, he suffered him to go at a more moderate pace.

Night had fallen at last—fallen in more than Egyptian darkness—with a gloomy sky above, a gloomy earth below. The wind came wailing up from the sea, and over the distant hills, in long, lamentable blasts, and a drizzling, cold rain, that pierced the skin, began to fall with it. The blast was raw, and cold, too; and with a shiver, the young man lifted a folded cloak of black cloth, lined with rich fur, that lay over the saddle, and flung it around his shoulders. In vain he strove to derive comfort from the Tartarian device; the eyes of Argus himself would have failed in such a night; so, pulling his hat down over his face, to shade it from the blinding rain, he allowed his wearied steed to jog on after his own will. There is rest and comfort in store for him, once he reach Fontelle. I wonder if there is no house along the way where I could stay for the night; or have I lost my way among the wilds of Jersey? What a Don Quixote I am, to be sure! He's said with a slight laugh, to leave merrier things and ride over to America in search of adventures, and begin by horse-whipping one of the natives. What a remarkably handsome boy that was, and how his voice did remind me of—of—ha! if that's not a light by all that's lucky! Turn, Saladin! there's shelter at hand!"

Far in the distance, dimly twinkling through the deep gloom, the traveler had caught a faint, uncertain ray of light, and never did storm-tossed mariner half the welcome beacon more gladly than did he. Saladin saw it too, and pricking up his ears he mended his dejected pace and struck off from the high-road in the direction whence it came.

Nearly an hour had elapsed since his leaving the Mermaid, and the young man had not yet come about six miles during that time. The light appeared, as he went, to have been further off than at first he had supposed; and the house, if house it were, to be situated in a sort of marsh, or bog, into which his horse sunk at every step. Still, Saladin plowed his way bravely on, sinking and rising again, until the

light was reached at last, and the traveler saw it issued from an upper window of a solitary house—in very truth, a "lonesome lodge that stood so low in lonely glen."

"Now the saints alone know what sort of savages live here," said the young man, as he alighted, and raising the handle of his heavy riding whip, knocked loudly and authoritatively at the door; "but be they goblins, kelpies, or earthly sinners, I'll try them, sooner than pass such a night as this is going to be, under the cold canopy of a New Jersey sky." And again he knocked, as if he would have beaten down the stout, oaken door.

A moment after, and the sound of bolts withdrawing met his ear; and the next, it swung partially back, but as he attempted to enter he was held back by a chain which prevented the door opening sufficiently for that purpose. Not a ray of light could be seen, but only a white face that shone through the deep darkness.

"Who are you?" said a harsh, unpleasant voice, that might have belonged either to a man or a woman.

"A traveler caught in the storm, who seeing the light, has sought shelter here," he answered promptly.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes; unless you call my horse company. Come, my friend, be hospitable enough to let me in. I am able to pay you, as it happens, for a night's lodging."

"Enter," said the invisible voice, withdrawing the chain. "One has to be careful who they admit these times; for since the war there have been marauding parties of soldiers knocking about the country, and it makes it dangerous for a poor, lone woman to admit every one. Walk in, sir; I'll see to your horse."

"Thank you, I always make a point of doing that myself. I'll accompany you if you'll allow me."

"As you like. Here, Orrie!" called the woman, suddenly throwing open a door and admitting such a flood of light from a huge, blazing fire, that for a moment the stranger's eyes, accustomed so long to the darkness, were half-blinded.

"What?" said a childish voice, so close to his ear that he started; and looking down he saw a little boy, apparently about twelve years of age—the most elfish mite of childhood he had ever beheld—with a small, thin, dark face, precocious beyond its years, and lit up by a pair of the most wonderful black eyes that were ever seen. His dress was an odd affair—a short, red flannel skirt under a boy's jacket, and a boy's cap crushed down over a tangled mass of short, thick curls, from beneath which gleamed his odd, wild, cunning little elfish face.

"Take the lantern and show the gentleman the way to the stable," said the woman—a remarkably tall, hard-featured specimen of femalehood—as she passed into the room and left him.

The child darted away, and presently reappeared with a dark lantern; and springing into the rain, seized his horse by the bridle, as if it were quite a matter of course, and led him off, followed by his master, who clung to himself at the odd figure the child cut.

"What a spicy tiger that same little atom of mankind would make! and what a rig he has on, to be sure! He would be worth a million in cash to ride the favorite at the Derby."

The child led the animal into the stable occupied by another horse, and tied him up, and began unloosening his trappings in a twinkling. The young man assisted him, and when Saladin had been properly rubbed down and cared for, they both left the stable together, and turned toward the house.

"You're quite used to this sort of thing, I see, my lad," he said, glancing in mingled curiosity and amusement at the boy.

"Tying up horses?—should think I was," said the child, with something of a chuckle.

"Is this a regular tavern, sonny?"

"No; but folks stop here sometimes, though it's no lives here? What's your name, my boy?"

"I ain't your boy! I ain't a boy at all! I'm a girl! and my name's Orrie; but for short they call me Orrie," said the little one, as she turned back.

"Whew!" whistled the young man; "here's a discovery. I beg ten thousand pardons; and your dress led me into error. What makes you wear boy's clothes?"

"Wh! she makes me wear whatever's handyest!"

"Who is 'she,' Miss Orrie?"

"Why, she, you know—her that let you in." "Oh! that tall, old woman! Is she your mother?"

"No; mother?" said the child, with a shrill, elfish laugh; "no, I ain't got none—never had any. She's only old Grizzle!"

They had reached the door by this time, and the little one darted in, in her quick way, held it open for the stranger, and then closed and bolted it again, in a flash.

"Come along right in here," said Orrie, whose feet motion reminded him of her namesake, as she held open the door of what seemed to be the kitchen, up the ample chimney of which roared and crackled a huge fire—a welcome sight to our cold and weary traveler.

"Set a chair for the gentleman, Orrie. Sit up to the fire, sir, and warm yourself," said the woman, as she whipped a large pot off the fire, from which issued a savory odor of boiled pork.

The young man looked at her, and thought that in all his life he had never seen or heard a more villainous and repulsive-looking specimen of the angelic sex. It seemed to him that she imparted a sinister character even to the peaceful and domestic occupation of preparing supper.

"Woman, lovely woman!" thought the young man, with a half-laugh, as he looked at her grisly face, almost hideous in its ugliness, now that the hood of her cloak, which she still wore, was thrown back. "What a mouth for kissing! I wonder if by any possibility anybody could ever have loved that woman, for in her best days she must have been worse than ugly—wicked! Wonder what this queer little kelpie in the bare feet is to her. Old Grizzle! a most appropriate name. A poor lone woman, indeed! It's little she need fear intruders, guarded by the three-headed dragon of Age, Ugliness and Poverty."

The young man arose, and turning his back to the fire, brought his coat-tails forward over his arms, and with his legs in the form of a triangle, he sat down in silence to supper, his happiness all true-bred Englishman's feel in the above position, and sunk into a day-dream, from which a call to supper awoke him.

The hungry traveler obeyed with alacrity, pulling out his watch, an elegant gold one, set with brilliant stones to see the hour. As he replaced it, he started slightly to see the fierce, gleaming eyes of the woman fixed upon it with a greedy, devouring gaze, that was instantly removed the moment their eyes met.

The look was a revelation. Replacing the watch, he sat down in silence to supper, inwardly wondering whether he would not have been quite as safe out in the storm as here, and whether, as the old adage has it, "he had not hallooed before he was out of the woods." During the meal, he was assiduously waited upon by the old woman, who made various efforts to draw from him his name and business, which he completely baffled by his evasive answers.

"Your room is all ready, sir, and you can go to it whenever you like," said the woman, as he arose from the table.

"Very well, I will go now. By my pistols, he said, carelessly. "I will look to my first lot, the priming may have got wet with the rain."

He drew out from under the breast-pocket of his great coat, as he spoke, a pair of handsomely-mounted pistols, and examined them carefully. As he suddenly looked up from his occupation, he caught his hostess looking at him with something like a sneer on her repulsive face.

"It is not safe to travel unarmed these times," he said, looking her full in the face, as

he replaced them. "A well-primed pistol is about the best thing a man can have just at present."

"Quite right, sir," said the woman, lighting a candle. "This way, if you please."

He turned and followed her up a flight of stairs, and into a large, dark, low-ceilinged room, where a fire was dimly burning. In one corner stood a bed, and in another a table, and this, with a couple of chairs, comprised the sole furniture of the room. Setting the candle on the table, the woman bade him good-night, and left the room.

But, somehow, tired as he was, the young stranger could not make up his mind to go to bed.

There seemed something evil and sinister about the woman, and the place altogether, that banished all desire for sleep. This lonely house, far removed from every other habitation, was just the place for deeds of blood and darkness. All the old tales he had ever heard or read of travelers robbed and murdered in lonesome old houses, and never heard of more, came crowding through his mind, until he had worked himself into a waking nightmare. Placing his pistols on the table, he raised the blind and tried to look out, but it was as dark as Erebus, and a perfect tempest of wind and rain was raging. Preferring to risk the uncertain danger of robbery and murder, rather than the more certain one of a complete drenching, he flung himself into a chair before the fire, and fell into deep thought. An hour passed, and then another, and all was perfectly still. The fire began to burn low on the hearth, and the candle flared and glittered on the table. Rising with a yawn, the young man was about to throw himself, dressed and all, on the bed, when a slight caught his eye that startled him almost as much as the ghost of Banquo did King Macbeth. At the head of the bed, on the whitewashed wall, was the dark, cloaked mark of five fingers, as if a blood-hound had been suddenly dashed against it. There it was—glittering red, and ghastly, and horrible, in the dying light of the fire—that bleeding hand on the wall. It seemed so like the realization of

"Now, you'd like to know where them folks on Butta's gone to?"

"Can you tell us?" Haxon spoke quickly, eagerly, and grasped the boy's arm.

"Hold on, now, you; that's the only coat I've got. Don't you put a hole in it!"

"Tell me what you know about Forde and the girl!" was the impatient interruption.

"That purty gal with the goldy hair an' eyes like indigo?"

"Yes, yes; be quick!"

"Well, they've gone out of the city—"

"Bah!" exclaimed Bret, "we knowed that one long ago."

"Yes; but I reckon you don't know where they've gone," with the air of one who assumes the importance of exclusive knowledge.

"Boy!" Haxon hissed, angrily, "I've paid you to tell me what you know. If you know where the parties have gone, and can put me on their track, I'll give you half a dollar more."

"Will you?" Criminy! Well now they've just gone to Washington, an' nowhere else. That's all."

"To Washington!" two months uttered the exclamation simultaneously.

Striking the table a forcible blow with his fist, Bret declared, vehemently:

"By thunder!—Haxy, I b'lieve it!"

"How do you know this?" questioned Haxon, with a slight doubt as to the reliability of the information.

"Well, I was sellin' papers right by the window, down to the depot, last night, an' I saw 'em. I was close enough to see 'at the tickets was for Washington. I knew 'em, cause I've often let 'at old gent's house, and there's where I seen his gal, too. Then, to-day, here I see you askin' after 'em at the front door; an' I seen you go 'way mad like, as if you couldn't find out what you wanted to. Then, thinks I, Jack—here's stamps! 'cause I knew you was good pay. So, I come after you. An' there's the whole on't." This speech in a brief, concise, comprehensive delivery, that would have been creditable to the argument of a lawyer.

The additional half-dollar was paid over, and the boy departed, counting, in mind, how many *Bulletins* he would buy for that night's sale.

With one impulse, Bret and Haxon left the restaurant.

Without losing a moment, they took a car for Howard street.

Their destination was Washington—their object to find Harnden Forde.

Satan favored them, in sending the newsboy—who dreamt not of the harm he was doing—to relieve them of their embarrassment; for, plain it was, that without the unlooked-for aid, they were completely baffled.

Already, they were bounding after their prey. Once found—Haxon's eyes gleamed like the orbs of a devil, as he anticipated once more grinding beneath his heel, the proud gentleman who had thus far felt but the smoothest sting of the venomous serpent hovering upon his path.

Not alone the fierce ardor of determination to wed Eola now fired the breast of the scheming villain; but with it mingled an inward vow to punish Forde for daring to defy him.

They were too late for the first afternoon train, and a tiresome period must elapse ere the departure of the four o'clock cars.

Passing their time, partially in the bar-room and in walking the platform, the time slipped by.

People were purchasing tickets and crowding to their seats.

Bret and Haxon stood upon the hind platform of the last car, watching the thronging passengers, when, suddenly, and at the same moment, the two stood transfixed, as if powerless to move a muscle.

That which they saw appeared to startle them.

CHAPTER XXI.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

Wat Blake and the lawyer lost no time in going to Forde's house.

They were not a little surprised to find it closed and dreary-looking (it was one of those old-fashioned buildings which, now-a-days, require all the dressing and brilliancy of openness and embellishment, to prevent the passer-by imagining it a historical sepulcher) as if the occupants had deserted it.

"Buried himself, I reckon," said Crewly, surveying the building as though in doubt whether to risk his body inside the doorway. "Looks like he'd been sold out by the sheriff, and now he stood still at the bottom of the steps."

"Come on, Mr. Crewly," said Blake, ringing the bell as he spoke.

"Any danger?" inquired the lawyer, dubiously.

"Danger of what?"

"Bless me! I don't know. But it seems like going into a tomb."

At this point James opened the door. Seeing two strangers, he bowed respectfully.

"Mr. Forde in?" asked Blake.

"No, sir; he is not," in a polite tone.

"Not in! But he will be, shortly? I suppose we may step in and wait until his return?"

"Mr. Forde's left town, sir."

A scarce perceptible frown appeared on Blake's brow; and Crewly, screwing his mouth into his habitual pucker, looked at the servant with the hardest scrutiny of his expressionless eyes. Then the lawyer stroked his chin and said, wisely:

"There's a spider in our dumpling! or, to be idiomatic, our flea's jumped!"

Blake asked no more questions, and turned away.

"How's that for beat?" Crewly inquired, when they had walked a short distance.

Wat Blake was unusually silent. Forde gone! Did he mean to defy him?—to defy Bertha's order? And, finally, was the object of his flight to escape them, that he might sacrifice Eola?

The reader knows how to answer these questions, but Wat Blake did not, and his mind was so absorbed that he paid no heed to his companion's remark.

"Umph! lost your tongue, eh, Wat Blake?"

"Mr. Crewly, I am perplexed"—striving to shake off the unpleasant surmises which voluted in his brain. "I can not think otherwise than that Forde has fled, in order to defy us and satisfy the demands of Harold Haxon! Yet, how can that be?"—relapsing into his meditative humor—"when he knows we will not permit his escape!—we will not allow the consummation of such villainy!"

"What's the new dodge with them, eh?"

"Why, to have Eola marry Harold Haxon!"

"Oh, yes; certainly. I forgot. Excuse me."

"I am in a quandary," pursued Blake; and Crewly inserted, with comical gravity:

"Whether it is better to stay beat, or acting, beat the beaters in the game, and prove one's self a plotter for one's good. See? Now then, wake up. Ahem! No time to lose. Forde's vanished. So, Logic: after him, with a jump—"

"But how?"

"Ay, there's the rub!" finished Crewly, in the words of the poet; and he added:

"Now, you see, or you don't see, but you ought to, and maybe you will—they've left town."

"Yes."

"Exactly. And we're to find out where they've gone."

"Yes, yes; but I ask again, 'how?'"

"Well, that's something I can't say."

What little hopes had been inspired by the lawyer's manner were dashed down by these words; and Blake felt a slight anger toward the other for his delusive speeches.

But Crewly had accomplished his object. Blake was aroused, and he walked along faster.

They repaired straightway back to Mrs. Lenner's boarding-house.

In fact, Blake was very anxious to return there soon; fearing that Bertha might start for Forde's.

She had not gone out when they arrived, and was, with Ora, in Austin's room.

Wat Blake, upon entering, threw himself into the nearest chair, without a word.

He wore a frown, and seemed bent upon maintaining a mysterious silence.

Crewly was, also, silent; but his movements were more elaborate than Blake's. Gently depositing his hat on the table, and standing his umbrella in the corner, he appropriated a chair, twisted his lank limbs, worm-like, together, and letting his pointed chin fall between his hands—while his elbows were insecurely fixed upon the armrests—he gazed steadfastly at the carpet, as if striving to remind himself of something he could not recollect.

Bertha marked the troubled look on her brother's face, and knew that some unusual circumstance had crossed him.

"Has any thing happened, Wat?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes," he said, and the tone was so vehement that Crewly's arm slipped, and that individual jumped all over.

The lawyer's comical figure evidently broke the spell of Blake's half-sullen state, for he added, more calmly:

"Yes, sister, something has happened. Forde has left the city."

She started visibly; and Austin Burns, at mention of the father of his betrothed, listened interestedly.

"Gone, Wat?" Bertha exclaimed.

"Where to?"

"I do not know."

"But did you not ask?"

"Hang it!" said Crewly; "it's all Wat Blake's fault. No—ahem! we forgot to ask any thing about it. Positively."

Bertha was somewhat excited by the intelligence she brought. At first, she could not realize it; then it burst upon her.

"He must be found!" she cried. "It will never do to let him escape us in this way—never!"

"How can it be helped?"

"But it must be helped!—must, I say," was her quick rejoinder. "Are we to be so easily baffled? You do not know Harnden Forde as I do. Can you not see his plan? He flees from us that he may gratify the wishes of Harold Haxon! Eola will be sacrificed! Oh, Heaven! Back!—back to his house, and ask where he has gone. There are servants there. They will tell you."

"My dear madam—" began Crewly, seriously.

"Mr. Crewly, be quiet!" she interrupted, and he subsided.

Pacing the room, her dark eyes flashing with excitement, and the pale cheeks for a moment flushed with a delicate tinge, she was, even at her advancing age, a handsome woman; and the impatient fire of her youthful days seemed now to heat her veins.

Blake did not move. Pausing before him, she said, rapidly:

"Up, brother; up and off! Oh! don't lose a moment. He must not escape us. He must be tracked!—tracked! Eola is in danger!—my child! Will you not go?"

She clasped her white hands to her throbbing temples, as if a sudden pain had centered there to agonize her.

Wat Blake arose. Crewly, anxious to be on hand in every thing, squirmed from his seat and, in his eagerness to depart, very nearly forgot both hat and umbrella.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, wriggling back across the room; "can't go bare-headed, much, you know; positively. Excuse me," and he followed Blake, with two-yard strides.

"What was that I heard you say of Harnden Forde?—and Eola?" inquired Austin, when the two had gone.

Ora had remained a silent spectator of all that passed, and said nothing now.

For some moments, Bertha seemed unable to calm herself. Then she advanced to his bedside, and told him all: how Harold Haxon was determined to wed Eola, and the power used by the villain to grind Forde to his will. But while she told him of the false prophesies, and the latter's league with Louise Ternor, she was, at the same time, careful not to speak of herself or her sufferings. Neither did she acquaint Austin with his identity.

"And this, then," murmured the young man, "is why Harnden Forde cast me off?"

"It is. But be of good cheer, Austin; you will be righted soon, if Heaven does not desert us in this trying moment. Oh! why don't they come back? Why don't they come?"

Her excitement had given place to extreme nervousness, and Ora, with soothing words, strove to calm her.

"Patience, dear mother," she said, her bright blue eyes beaming and her ripe lips wreathing a smile of encouragement; "all will yet be well, I am sure. Try and calm yourself, for my sake!"

Bertha kissed the pure brow of her child, and tried to be patient.

Austin was reflecting deeply upon the story he had heard. And in his thoughts dwelt an impatient count of the hours he would be compelled to lie there, idle and helpless, while Eola—his own dear prize!—was threatened by the machinations of a heartless, desperate, *sy-bill-dithy* villain; for Bertha had named the wretch who committed the murderous assault at the Payetto street bridge.

The young man's reveries were interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Cauley. Feeling Austin's pulse, the physician said, gravely:

"Madam, there's something wrong. Um! young man's excited—considerably excited. What's the matter, sir?"—to Austin—"your heart thumps; your pulse jumps; your brow is feverish—"

"I want air," said Austin, who could think of nothing but Eola; "I am nearly choking! I must get up!"

"Choking! Wonderful! Get up? Ridiculous! Madam, has he been eating any thing injurious? Strange case—very. Remarkable! Left him improving this morning; now he's in a high state of excitement. Dangerous! Madam, I ask what's the matter?"

"Despondency oftentimes chills the lips and palsies the voice; and Bertha, in striving to be calm, had grown despondent."

She only looked at him and smiled as she shook her head; while he rattled on:

"Young man, retain your hold wrist still—senses, and—wait till I feel your pulse again—explain what's—very queer case!—the matter, eh? Extraordinary! Um!—m-m!"

Wat Blake and Christopher Crewly returned at that juncture.

At sight of the physician, the lawyer elevated his nose and retired, with dignity, to a far seat.

"Well, Wat—well; you found out?" Bertha ran forward to meet her brother.

"No."

"Oh, Heaven!"

"Wait, sister; calm yourself. I have done the best I could—"

"Fact!" indorsed Crewly, in a breath that betrayed utter exhaustion. "The servants know, but they won't tell us—hang 'em! not a bit!"

"But what are we to do?" she cried.

"He has eluded us. Oh! Wat, Wat, do you think of Eola?—the fate that may be hers? Do you—" She was interrupted by an exclamation from Dr. Cauley.

"But, my dear sir! Retain—really, now! no—your senses—you must not, I say!—Impossible! Don't do it! Kill yourself!"

"Clear the room!" Austin cried, as he struggled in the grasp that held him down.

"I tell you that I will get up. Eola must be found! If there be a way, I have both the will and strength to find it. Let go, doctor. If one servant in Forde's house knows where she is, and will not tell me, I'll wring his neck! Clear the room; I will get up!"

Crewly leaped from his seat.

"Good! That's it!" he exclaimed. "Let him up, Doctor Quidey! Clear out, all of you. Fly! Let him up!"

Whether it was to oblige Austin, or whether he meant to visit Forde's house, himself, Bertha ran from the room to procure her hat and shawl, and Ora followed her.

Dr. Cauley now changed his remonstrances to words of caution, lest the wound might take a fresh start and begin to bleed.

Christopher Crewly disappeared.

But the lawyer soon returned, saying he had a cab at the door.

He partook of the general excitement—his hat perched on the back of his head, long coat flying loosely, and umbrella occasionally flourishing aloft, he danced, jumped, squirmed around them in a half-frantic state.

Austin was placed inside the vehicle, with Bertha, Ora and Wat Blake, and, with a defiant smirk at Dr. Cauley, the lawyer mounted to a seat beside the driver, saying:

"Now, go like the deuce!—only be very careful. Go! Avoid the ruts. Go! Take the railroad track. Skoot!"

Arrived at Forde's house, James answered the violent pull at the bell. Austin Burns, supported by Blake and Crewly, stood on the steps.

"James," cried the young man, hot with the determination to learn of Eola's whereabouts, "where is Mr. Forde?—where is Eola? Answer me! I am not to be trifled with. Tell me quickly, too. You know me; you know I am one to keep my word; and I tell you, James, if I do not obtain the information I seek, there shall be gnashing—"

"And weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!" put in Crewly, with a scowl at James.

Quite unexpectedly, the servant said:

"I'll tell you, Mr. Burns; but I wouldn't tell anybody else."

"Then be quick!—quick!" Austin's impatience was without bounds.

"Do you hear?—quick!" said Crewly, resolved to have a word.

Well, Miss Forde gave me a letter for you, Mr. Burns.

Without more ado, James produced the letter, and, in a second, Austin was reading as follows:

"DEAR, DEAR AUSTIN:

"To escape—what, I can not say—father and I have gone to Washington. I must see you, for my poor heart is nearly breaking, and my strength failing; and a great tax that I can not now explain. Follow me as soon as you can. Your own EOLA."

With a laugh which was half that of a maniac—so great was the reaction from despair to joy—the young man turned and staggered down the steps, toward the cab, breaking from his supporters, who sprung after him, fearing he would fall.

"To Washington!" he gasped, sinking back upon the cushions.

"Now—ahem! look, if you don't take things more coolly, you'll have brain fever. Fact," declared Crewly, with the air of an emphatic philosopher; and turning to Wat Blake, he continued:

"Where to, now? Better keep Burns quiet—Stop! there's my umbrella upon the steps." James considerably brought him the valued article.

Blake consulted his watch.

"Three o'clock. The train leaves at four. So we have an hour yet. Back to Mrs. Lenner's."

Again the lawyer mounted to the box, and the cab drove off.

In due time, they were at the depot, and Crewly, having purchased the tickets, exclaimed, while he jammed his hat tighter on his head, and thumped his umbrella on the planks:

"Now, then, we're after 'em with a hot stick. Ahem! Hurry up. Cars are going."

Sight of this party was what startled Bret and Haxon, as these two, also in pursuit of Forde, stood upon the platform of the car.

But the villains were not seen. Bret, being first to recover from his surprise, pulled Haxon backward, into the car, in time to escape observation.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHRISTOPHER CREWLY SEES A SIGHT.

WASHINGTON, February 20. The Carnival.

How many readers will glance twice at that date and a momentary thrill pervade them as they recall to mind the great National Festival!

Ushered in through portals crimsoned by its flaming disk, the red sun dipped upon the far-off horizon—then lit in splendor all that dwelt beneath.

A day whose glory vied with those of distant Shiraz, where dew is life and every breath an incense, dawned upon the world; and twinkling stars, ashamed before the day-god's glint, were paling soft as night's tears on the petals of a rose.

The very skies were smiling on this promised day of rejoicing—for it was no less; and in the breasts of thousands who had thronged to the gay Capital, hearts were already bounding with delight.

Balmly as the early days of fall, when sweetest flowers weigh their fragrance on the passing air; seeming like a lovely, wandering rose whose lot had wrenched it from repose in Iran's bowers, to stray and halt amid the clime of snows and frosts; wafted like a choice celestial ray to break the chilly spell of winter, while nature stood in awe at its own change; beautiful below, and in the boundless azure, were fleecy mists whose silent flights were like the soaring isles of spheres that charmed the eye with mystic forms, then faded into naught—such was the gift of Providence.

Ne'er knew the streets a grander dress than decked them then, for all who lived, lived but for pleasure's will; and like the pending burst of something to enrapture, the hours marched quickly onward.

Pennsylvania avenue threw off its look of dreariness scared with dust, and, like the famed Corso, revelled in its show.

Had hosts of Paris lifted mighty Rome and borne it to our midst? What dreams! And yet, to mark the universal draping of the balconies, the rich and countless shades and glittering hues that blazoned every window, and even clothed the trees with colors shimmering in rarity; to see the hurrying carriages, with merry occupants, and prancing horses chafing at the bit; to know that heavy cannon waited to belch forth the rumbling thunder of their voice—our fancy turns to Rome, and one thing, alone, remained to give the scene its blending with the Carnival as it should be: the confetti showers.

Weeks had passed since we left our characters in the last chapter; and in that time, Wat Blake had striven, vainly, to discover the whereabouts of Harnden Forde and Eola.

The brief note Austin had received, failed to say where he should look for his betrothed, as the young man, despite his wound, which was beginning to pain him severely, had exhausted all his patience in the search.

Hotel registers were examined, with no satisfactory result; Christopher Crewly, in his eccentric nature, had daringly faced many a masculine boarding-house keeper, with inquiries.

And Bertha, returning day after day, to their secluded rooms on First street east, always brought the same words:

"Not found."

Matters were, indeed, embarrassing. It required all the guileless art of gentle Ora's lips, to soothe and calm her mother in the hope that the kind Providence which had so far watched favorably over them, would at last bring them to those after whom they sought. Ora's sweet faith in Heaven was sublime!

It was after nine o'clock.

The grand stands were filling rapidly with eager sight-seekers, and the pavements crowded with moving masses. Windows, balconies, house-tops and every conceivable place from which a view of the great kaleidoscope below could be obtained, were darkened with the forms of those who laughed and cried out in a spirit that bespoke the fullness of their abandonment to the prevailing enthusiasm.

Flags and streamers flaunted gayly to the breeze; across the avenue, at intervals, were arranged triangular ropes, to which were suspended fluttering ensigns; and the headquarters of the committee were had wrought this grand panorama of elegance, beauty, mirth and life unusual to dull, sleepy Washington—appeared as a vast picture of gorgeous imagery, in which the fantastic formed on the front of the building, formed an admirable center.

Even the habitual toper seemed to have forgotten his customary drink, in the general excitement; for intoxication was rarer than on other holidays.

Soon the grand stand at Seventh street was packed. Countless pretty faces wreathed with smiles, or, anon, a parting of coral lips in rippling laugh exposed the pearly teeth of dashing fair ones whose cheeks were flushing with the heat of gayety.

Among the throng on the pavement, before the stand, moved Wat Blake, and those who were bent upon the same mission as his own, in the city; yet even they seemed to forget the object of their pursuit, in watching the showy equipages now whirling along and out of the Avenue, to clear off for the races.

Austin Burns was not with them. Complaining of his wound, he had preferred to remain in the house.

Swift steeds were speeding past, as if on wings—their sinewy limbs glistening in the sunlight, and fiery nostrils dilated by their panting breath; the hum of hilarious voices rose like murmurs of a lipping breeze through boughs of rustling verdure; and here and there a laugh, a cry, a shout aroused fresh impetus to still greater warmth of gushing spirit.

In the minds of those who *saw* the Carnival, is fixed a picture whose sublimity will only perish with the loss of memory.

"I say!" whined Crewly, who was continually losing sight of those who accompanied him.

But they did not hear, and the crowd jostled him still further from his friends each moment.

"I say, Wat Blake!" in a key pitched so high that it ended in a squeak.

Blake turned around in time to see his long, tall, cranky friend punch an obstinate immovable urchin with his umbrella, then apologize to a lady, for having trod on and ripped several tucks out of her dress.

"Come on, Mr. Crewly."

"Coming—hang it! Let me get through here!" cried the lawyer, making a frantic effort to force his way.

"Careful, whose toes you tread on!" growled a portly gentleman.

"Take 'em home and put 'em out of the way, then!" shouted Crewly, in his ear.

"Fight!" yelled a greasy boot-black, hoping to start a row; for which attempt, a white umbrella unceremoniously descended on his head.

With Wat Blake's assistance, the lawyer extricated himself, and the whole party continued eastward, across Seventh street, past the bare corner in front of St. Marc, and proceeded on where the crowd was not so dense.

As they passed beneath the Avenue windows of the St. Marc, one of the young ladies who were ensconced there

THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1871.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, four months \$1.00
Two copies, one year 2.00
In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.
Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.
All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to
BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers,
38 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

THE DARK SECRET!

With this issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we commence the long-promised and truly STAR SERIAL, from the pen of
COUSIN MAY CARLETON,
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)
VIZ:

The Dark Secret!

which, in several respects, must be regarded as one of the most finished and perfect of all the author's productions. The copyright of

THE DARK SECRET,

we secured some time since, confident that its author never would produce a more powerful work. We had determined to use it with the beginning of the New Year; but, desiring not to interfere with the issue, by a cotemporary, of a story by the same author, we now give it place.

THE DARK SECRET combines in itself two or three concurrent romances, each with its distinct set of characters and acts, but all of which are so subtly woven that the novel must be pronounced a marvel of inventive skill and a splendid triumph of literary art. In originality of conception, in strength of character and power of motif, it is not too much to affirm that

THE DARK SECRET

is equal to the best of all Wilkie Collins' works—"The Woman in White," while, in its exquisite humor and oddity—in the reckless abandon of its prime hero, a young woman—in the sustained interest of its mystery and novel relations, it far transcends any thing that the great English romancer has yet produced. Its characters, old Captain Nick Tempest—the mysterious Spanish lad, Jacinto—the old Heate, Mother Grizzle—Captain Jack, the darling and beautiful little mistress of the Manor—the Earl's brother, the gallant young Guardsman—the child, Oriole, etc., etc.—all are such as will render

THE DARK SECRET

one of the most telling and sought-for stories of the year.

Our Arm-Chair.

Eyebrows.—Of course there is great expression or "language" in the eyebrows. To the shrewd physiognomist they reveal more of what is in the person's thoughts and feelings than any other single feature.

"The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expressions of the character." "Part of the soul," says Pliny, the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will." Le Brun, in his treatise on the passions, says, "that the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart and of the affections of the soul."

No formal instruction, or dictionary of expression, can be given—each person's expression being his or her own alone. But, what the eyebrows say can soon be learned by a careful study of each subject.

The Tallest Men.—Statistics obtained during the late war, by Prof. Gould, by careful collaborations from the Army Register of two and one-half million of men, give us some curious and suggestive data. As for instance:

"Men gain their maximum stature at different ages in different States. After thirty-five the stature begins to decrease. Foreigners are in the average, smaller than native born Americans. But, what is very singular it is ascertained that, as we go to the West men grow taller. Out of the million of men enlisted west of the Alleghanies there were five hundred who measured more than six feet four inches, but men of such stature do not wear well. In Maine men reach their greatest height at twenty-seven, in New Hampshire at thirty-five, in Massachusetts at thirty-one. The tallest men, of sixty nine inches, come from Iowa. Maine, Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota and Missouri give us men of a little over sixty-eight, and the average of all shows the Americans to be a very tall people."

What Constitutes a MS.—A lady friend, whose contribution we were constrained to return as "imperfect," asks us, "What constitutes a perfect manuscript." We may say, speaking generally, that good grammar, correct orthography and precision of punctuation are prime essentials. A secondary essential is a good style, or force and clearness of expression. A desirable quality is good chirography, penned on white paper, so as to be easily read. Bad chirography, or close, crowded lines, are an editor's and printer's horror, and many manuscripts hard to read, are given the "go-by" simply because the editor has not the time, or patience, to work out their meaning.

Burst His Buttons Off.—Some people are so matter-of-fact, that a joke is incomprehensible to them, and as for humor—why, they wonder why in the world the *Insane Asylums* don't seize Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Whitehorn and Beat Time. Such people are as methodic as machines and as unimpressible as oxen. A scorched and half-dried tree is just as beautiful, in their eyes, as a tree in full verdure, and the music of tom-cats is as agreeable as the songs of birds. They go through life with one-half of their nature hermetically sealed—the smiling, joyous, genial half; and when they die people may sigh but do not mourn long.

There is another class, however, which comprises a vast majority of the human race, that loves the humors as a fish loves purring waters, or birds love whispering trees. They love to laugh, and, even in sorrow or trouble, welcome a word that will provoke a smile. To

this class our humorists are a special delight. Every mail is likely to bring to us such letters as this one now before us, from Marbledale, Conn.:

"If it will not be telling tales, I should very much like to know Washington Whitehorn's real name. Whenever I have an attack of the blues, I read one or more of his 'papers'—enough to thoroughly dissipate the attack. I recently read several of his 'Episodes' to a friend, and I really thought he would

Burst five buttons off
And expire in his glee."

Washington is a public benefactor, notwithstanding he does leave his washing bills unpaid, and eats the preserves contributed to the Timbuctoo Mission. At present, he prefers that his identity should remain "in a horn," as enemies, envious of his fame, might wreak fearful vengeance on him for some of his Startling Exposures.

HAPPINESS.

WERE you to propound the query of "What is true happiness?" I think you would hardly get two answers alike, because each one of us has a separate idea of the same.

The child's happiness consists in its looking forward to the time when it shall be free from parental restraints, and roam about just as it has a mind to. It thinks there will be nobody to scold it then, and it will be as good as "grown-up folks." What a pity it should be disappointed when it becomes older—that the delicious fruit should turn out to be "Dead Sea apples."

The editor would be happy if all manuscript sent to him was legibly written, and contained a good plot, well carried out, strikingly original, and the author did not want an immense price for it. But I regret to state that these "forecasts of heaven" are few and far between. They have too much wading through of sickly nonsense to do, and then have to decline it.

The lover does not care a straw for all the MSS. in the universe, unless it be in the shape of love missives from his innamorata; his happiness lies in her society—in the moonlight rambles, the low, sweet talk, and the pleasing answer of "Yes," to his all-important question of "Will you be mine?" Then there's the rich Millicent Rivers, looking forward to a brilliant wedding, plenty of presents, plenty of money and a life of pleasure. That's her idea of happiness.

And the poor sewing-girl, Addie Sidney—she has no future that looks bright. It is all slavery to her. Day after day must she go through the same drudgery. But an end will come to it, when her body is carried into the "city of the dead," and her happiness consists in looking forward to that long and last rest.

The gossip luxuriates in some new piece of scandal to set adrift on the air, and the more damaging to a person's character, the greater happiness does she take in spreading it. Fertile imaginations are these gossips blessed (?) with; for, if the story isn't quite bad enough, they can add a little to it. I never could understand the happiness won in making another person miserable.

An actor finds his happiness in the applause of his audience. It is singular how the clapping of hands and stamping of feet give a person encouragement; but it does.

Now, I suppose I ought to tell you where the happiness of an author comes in. It's striking near home, to be sure, but—never mind. Well, we desire to have good ink, pens that won't travel over the paper with the spring halt, paper that will not be full of specks, ideas that are not second hand, a good editor, who will

"Be to our faults a little blind,
And to our merits very kind."

one who will not cut out our best ideas, but will call the manuscript "excellent," and immediately send us a crisp greenback. Then we want a printer who will set up our copy all correct.

But all these things are a sort of selfish happiness. It is all Number One, but decidedly like human nature. It would be better for us to look after Number Two a little more, and have our happiness consist in making others happy. Bless your hearts, there is real pleasure in that—pleasure that will be lasting, pleasure that will benefit yourselves and others, too. And it costs so little; a kind word here and a good deed there are not things to cause you a great deal of labor. If we employ many an otherwise idle moment, until you will long for other objects on which to bestow your attention, and it will make you find what you have vainly sought for before—true happiness. But don't get discouraged if your kindness is not appreciated, because the poor are not used to an overflow of good deeds, and they are often a stranger to them.

EVE LAWLESS.

AT SUNSET.

Was it real, or did I only fancy it?
Far away beyond the low-lying moor,
Dim with gathering mist, far away beyond
The hills, through which came glimpses of
The sea lying in golden light, beyond that
glorious sea itself the half-sun seemed to
hang a moment on the horizon ere its splendor
should be wholly withdrawn to cheer
the mystic shores of that unseen and unknown
world of the west. Only a moment, and the
drifting clouds above it—forming a
triumphal arch for the passage of the fairest
day that ever brightened above my life—
took the sunset, and the western sky be-
came one grand, Hesperian blossom. Only
a moment and in that moment that seemed
to hasten its sands there came out of the
gate of the sunset, floating over the sea, and
over the hills, and over the moor, something
sweeter than music, something siller than
song; a die-away something, sweet, half-
heard and tremulous; faint as the vesper
music of Elfeland borne on some wander-
ing wind over the sea and over the hills and
over the moor, dying at my ear; and it
seemed softer than a whisper which mem-
ory comes back with from the eras of old
when love was at fault, and that whisper
breathed forgiveness.

Was it fancied or real?
And my mind filled with ancient awe
when I thought of the sweet mythologies
and all the old merlin prophecies that will
forever haunt the sunset and the western
sea; and I thought those mirage-clouds
seemed reflections of the Blessed Isles that
drift forever in a sea of calm where no
man's ship can sail, above which the sun
sleeps, and where on golden beaches wan-
der the passionless crowds of immortality;
and I thought of the fairy barge that awaits
us, and of the fairy hands which beckon
and gleam from it, and of the song that

goes before it; and I imagined that what I
seemed to hear and that song might be the
same.

And as I leaned there upon my window
sill, while the sunset still stained my west-
ern panes, and my heart was burning with
the days *memento mori*, and all the sense of
my life was thrilled with that nameless tone
or token as if it were a summons from
Heaven, my spirit seemed to strive with its
clay, longing to burst its bands and wing its
way over the moor, and over the hills, and
over the sea, and far on and farther into
that sunset silence, between those clouds
that seemed like islands of fire adrift in a
mist of golden spray, only to hear it again.

But, the moment's sands were running;
the hues faded from my window panes; the
glory was gone from the distant sea; the
clouds drifted, wan and homely again,
across the western gray and the sun was
down; and, trying to remember that music
that must forever be forgotten, I leaned
upon my sill like one who wakes at morn-
ing from dreaming something sweet of
something he never shall know.

There was music on the night,
Far away and faintly swelling,
From what realms of spheric light
From what seraphs airy dwelling?

Did some banished spirit speed
On the search of refuge hither,
While the old strain it strung to plead
Still with Heaven's golden weather?

Oh, that I had caught the theme—
That a tone I might have taken,
And assured it was no dream,
Felt my soul with joy awaken.

A. W. B.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN?

This question has intruded itself on my
mind a great many times, but never more
frequently than of late, and I am fast
coming to the conclusion that the whole
race of men are becoming extinct, so often
do I hear the term "gentleman" applied, as
it seems to me, indiscriminately. I used to
imagine that every person to whom the
title was applied was a gentleman, but I
have since discovered my mistake.

Is a man a gentleman when he profanes
the air with an oath? when he stands puff-
ing the smoke from his cigar into the face
of every lady who passes him? Suppose
he does wear fine clothes, kid gloves, and
carries a cane. I have often thought that
the cane could be put to a much better use
if it were in the hands of a sensible per-
son.

I have frequently seen, riding in our
street cars, a species of "second fops," who,
when the car stops and an aged lady
enters, become suddenly and apparently
very much interested in their newspapers.
Are they gentlemen? If a young lady
were to enter the car, dressed in the height
of fashion, they would spring, almost simul-
taneously, from their seats, with a bow and
a smile "childlike and bland," and a "please
take my seat," thinking, no doubt, that
they had performed a praiseworthy action.

Shall we be compelled to acknowledge
every rogue a gentleman because he wears
glittering jewels in his shirt front and on
his fingers? Because he wears the most
fashionable clothes, and carries a handker-
chief highly scented with Lubin's and
Phalon's latest extracts? In short, because his
pockets are well lined with money, shall we
spoil the word gentleman by applying it to
him? No matter if he does belong to the
"upper ten thousand"—he is a rogue, never-
theless.

Is a man a gentleman when he stands on
a street corner and passes insulting remarks
upon every lady's appearance who passes
him? Stop and think, young man, before
you begin to practice such habits. Think
of your sisters, if you have any, who are ex-
posed to a similar fire of insults from other
"corner loafers."

There are men, in working clothes, hard
hands and rough shoes, who would scorn to
pollute the air with an oath, or puff smoke
in a lady's face; who would rush unhesi-
tatingly into any danger to assist a suffer-
er; yet who calls them gentlemen? Very
few, I'm afraid; but if anybody possesses
the elements of a true gentleman, such a
man does.

A true gentleman is above a mean word
or action; he tramples upon or wounds
nobody's feelings, and he possesses what
money cannot buy, no matter whether he
wears broadcloth or shoddy, which is "an
honest heart and a clear conscience."

A great many men are unconscious at the
time of their performance of actions which,
if they were to be considered in their proper
light, ought to banish them from decent so-
ciety.

Among these actions may be mentioned
the filthy habit of spitting large quantities
of tobacco-juice upon the floor of omni-
buses, cars, and, in fact, everywhere. Such
conduct is not characteristic of a gentleman,
and ought not to be tolerated for a mo-
ment.

There is so much of the false in our ad-
option of the word gentleman that I should be
glad to give it up, and honor the good, true
and the brave with the single term "Man."
The word gentleman is too broad now in its
application to be much of an honor.

JAMES B. HENLEY.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

III.

A GRAVE responsibility rests on women
here. They are not doing their duty. Why
is society coarse and flippant? Why do
young men seek the company of meretrici-
ous women? Why do gentlemen frequent
the club, the billiard-room, the theater?
Why are gentlemen reluctant to go into
company, preferring the evening newspaper
or the evening nap on the sofa? These
young men, wandering away into tempta-
tion, are they not a reproach to the women
who ought to draw them within the reach
of their fascination? The nightly frequen-
ters of the club-house and billiard-rooms,
and of worse places, are they not a re-
proach to the women, the charm of whose
society ought to make it impossible to
waste the evening hours in foolishness?
The crowded haunts of dissipation cry out
against the dark and silent parlors which
should be alive with happy guests, delig-
hting and improving each other.

Most social prejudices, absurd customs,
stupid and illiberal habits, instituted follies,
established evils, organized wrongs, exist
by the sufferance of women, whose delicacy
they ought to shock, whose scorn they
ought to provoke. Must they appeal to
women as their abettors? Alas! that indol-
ence, ease, indifference, recklessness, should
have the face to say for a moment that
Americans give them countenance. Alas!

that a mean consideration should claim wo-
men on its side! Alas! that the bitter
words, "Frailty, thy name is woman,"
should ever be spoken now. No, no. Be
it the privilege of our women to disprove
them! Be it the privilege of our American
women to substitute for them better words,
like these: "Truth, thy name is woman."
Intelligence, thy name is woman. Agree-
ableness, thy name is woman. Purity, sim-
plicity, earnestness, thy name is woman!
Till we can say this, or something like it,
we shall be unable to say that society is
what it ought to be, or that women are
faithful to their duties in society. C. T.

Foolsap Papers.

The Discovery of America.

For many ages Europe had been over-
run by vague reports of the existence of a
new world beyond the Atlantic, where free-
dom of speeches was allowed and the Con-
stitution guaranteed the utmost liberty to
all who could maintain it—of a vast undis-
covered land, divided into States, with a
Governor to each and a President over all
—of a country where you could get all the
money you'd want, provided you didn't
want much, merely by working, and then
—valuing a good while for it; a land where
official positions meant plenty of money
and no questions asked. The Europeans
had also faint ideas that the aborigines, or
people inhabiting this glorious unknown
country, had a Congress where they would
send the most unmanageable to get rid of
them, and there was centered the wind from
the four quarters of this land, and there
these grand sachems whirled the torch of
war, or smoked the pipe of peace, and drank
the wine of contentment, and slept. They
had also dim evidence that it was a land of
railroads, and telegraphs, and divorces, and
monitors, and Ku-Klux, and cotton, and
Wall street, and whisky rings, and Fif-
teenth Amendments, and court-houses, and
every thing else in disproportion.

But, as yet, no European had visited it,
and every man doubted the truth of all
these reports except one, and his name was
Columbus, and he was born in the city of
Genoa. This man maintained the world
was round (for which the people thought
his head wasn't square), and that this coun-
try so much talked about was rather on the
other side, and if he sailed due west he
would reach it, and if he kept on sailing, he
would come out where he started.

Island and Feridibella were at that time
Kings of Spain, and to them he applied for
an outfit to reach America. They said it
was impossible to do any thing of the kind.
He said it was no more impossible than to
make an egg stand on end. They said that
couldn't be done. He said, "Bring me an
egg and I will show you an egg-stand!"
The queen ran out to the barn and came
back with an egg. Columbus broke one
end of it, sucked out the contents, and
stood it upon the table, remarking that it
was very easy if you only knew how—a re-
mark that boasts of an extended modern
circulation. They immediately gave him
three small steamers, whose boilers were
very frail. He wanted them to charter the
Great Eastern so that he could go over in
one ship instead of having to go over in
three, so he set sail and steamed out of a
port in Spain, while a good many of his
creditors stood on the wharf, weeping, and
wishing him a safe journey back.

All this was in (to be very precise) 1492
or 1493, I forget which; but it was some-
where near that, and he sailed, and sailed,
and sailed, and he still sailed, and his stock
of old rye running short, his crew got dis-
couraged and swore they would get out and
walk back, but he told them to hold on a
little longer, although he felt a little dis-
couraged himself and half-wished he had
followed the route of the Atlantic cable, for
then he would have been surer of his track.
Storms swept over his little vessels and
smashed them all to little bits of flinders,
and drowned all the crews, and even
Columbus himself, but even that didn't dis-
courage him; he was bound to keep on his
course and discover that wonderful land, if
there was any left, that hadn't been sub-
sided by railroad corporations, to be dis-
covered; for he had an eye to entering
some square miles of it himself for the
benefit of his family. Kansas, he knew,
had been all taken, and he was afraid the
Great American Desert would all be taken
up, too, before he got there. His coal failed,
and his engines stopped, so he got all
his crews to stand behind the sails and blow
in them, and that accelerated their speed
immensely; and they still sailed, and
Columbus wished that he had brought a
canal-bure along, for he would have hitched
it to a tow-line, and they would have
been sure to get along—although the tow-
path was very indistinct.

But the longer the voyage got the shorter
the provisions got, and the Highland lights
hadn't made their appearance yet, to any
great extent. The sailors swore they would
leave the ships, and began to climb up the
masts. Columbus got them down again by
promising that, if they didn't enter the Nar-
rows in three days, they could shift the rud-
ders to the bows, and turn the wind around,
and take the back track; so they concluded
to keep on growing for three days more,
and on the third night they smelt some-
thing in the wind that came from the west,
and knew that they were somewhere in the
longitude of supper. At twelve o'clock a
terrible sound came over the waters.

It was the war-whoop of Tammany!
It scared Columbus, as he thought there
was too tam-many for him!

When morning broke, he found his ves-
sels being towed into New York harbor by
rings, and before long they were safely
drawn up at Castle Garden, where Colum-
bus landed and raised the Spanish flag, and
took possession of the country in the name
of the King of Spain. The original natives,
who were expecting him, as they had been
notified of his departure by cable dispatch,
and who were at the landing ready to re-
ceive him, said that this was a little too
good for high, and told old Columbus to get
off his knees and out of the dirt, as this
country already belonged to King Ten Per-
cent. Thereupon a deputation of the na-
tives, consisting of Jim Fisk, O. K. Hall,
Horace Greeley, etc., took forcible posses-
sion of Columbus, put him in a carriage,
took him around town, feasted him, and
brought his name out in the papers. Colum-
bus protested against such treatment, and
begged them to kill and eat him on the spot.
That night he escaped and sailed away,
thankful for his life, and never tried to dis-
cover America again. He finally died of in-
ability to live.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unusable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the enclosure, for such return.—Book MS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked "Book MS." and be sealed in wrappers with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or returned. In all cases our clerks route first to our editors, and second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. The Commercial Note size paper is most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can find place for the following poems, tales, sketches, etc., etc., viz.: "Not Yet," "Autumn," "Home-land, but Poor," "The Stolen Kiss," "Language of Flowers," "To a Coquette grown Old," "No More, No More" (title changed from "Autumn"), "A Sign" (title changed from "Autumn Signs"), "The Beautiful Girls," "The Death Grapple."

The MS., "A Peace Offering" we can use with some modifications.

The rhyme, "Story of a Fast Young Man" we file for use. It is very good, of its kind, but very few papers are inclined to let such matter cost them any thing.

The Child's Story, "Mabel in the Grove," is good, but will be more in place in a child's journal.

Miss Katz E. is informed that we will not accept the office of tutor in composition, by revising her imperfect MSS. The sketch "Tommy Tubs," is, evidently, a caricature, and we do not care to offend some one by its publication.

The following contributions are declined for various reasons, though a return by no means implies a want of merit, viz.: "My Mountain Home," "The Same Old Story," "Beck's Time Letter Writers," "Arab Bride," "Convict's Return," "Lantern Bridge," "Flight of Time," "Landlord's Villainy," "A Robust Lover."

The two poems by V. G. T. we return. Both are too long.

The poem, "Give Me Life," is exceedingly good in some of its lines, but in others is obscure or vague in meaning. The author is well versed in the art of reading, must be clear and correct. Whittier, though by no means a great poet, is very popular because he is so well understood.

M. M. "The Surf Angel" is not overlooked.

J. H. B. Your problem you ought to have worked out yourself. It is very simple and easy.—"The Black Crescent" will run through eleven issues.

ALICE B. B. The Letter forms given in Letter Writers are very useful as *suggestors*, and will greatly assist you. Beck's Time Letter Writers are among the very best published, as they are the cheapest.

HONORA. The school-mistress who assumes the right to inspect your desk and read your correspond-
ence ought only to do so with knowledge and con-
sent of your parents. But, Miss H., you ought not to correspond with whose name and address letters are afraid to show. Take our advice and quit it.

BELLE CRAMPTON. Mrs. Jennie D. Burton is the author of the tales named, viz.: "Branded," "Willowdale," "Nymph's Revenge," "The World We Live In," "Dandy Bloom," "Connecting Links," "Between Two," etc., etc. She writes now only for the *Saturday Journal*.

ELIZA D. S. writes that she received from a gentleman for whom she had no friendly feelings, a bouquet made up of a yellow rose, primrose, foxglove and larkspur, and asks if we think "he meant any thing." We should say by no means. The language of the flowers named are, respectively: jealousy, inconstancy, insincerity and levity. You should study this expressive language of flowers, and a gentleman never should bestow a bouquet upon a lady until he understands what that bouquet says. In the *Dixie-Lover's* (Cassell's) and by Beadle & Co., is a very complete Floral Dictionary, with all young folks, and especially all lovers should examine it.

MINISTRAR. Jay Cooke, the great banker, was born in Sandusky, Ohio, nearly fifty years ago. He started out "for himself" when only fifteen years of age, by clerking in a dry-goods store; but, resolving upon a better position, he went to his way, assisted to Philadelphia, where his honest face and bearing induced the banking firm of B. S. Clark & Co. to take him on, on trial, as an errand boy. From that humble position he rose, step by step, advanced to a membership in the firm. Henry D. Cooke, of Washington, is the youngest of the three Cooke boys, viz.: Henry, John and William. Henry D. was a journalist, in Ohio, from 1850 to 1860—editing the *Sandusky, Ohio, Register*, in connection with G. J. Nixon. He was a lawyer, practicing in Sandusky. The Cooke brothers and their children bid fair to become as noted in American finance as are the Rothschilds in Europe.

TOM WORTH. There is a book called "The Painter's Manual," which will give you all required information regarding the mixing and making of colors.—Your second query is quite incomprehensible.

CARLOS HARTZ. The author of wild-wood romance, "Avening Angels," is Percy B. St. John. He is also, author of "The Mystery of the Desert," "Double Dime Novel, No. 168."—The story by the author named in your note we will soon announce.

MAXIMA LESLIE. We decline no MS. that we have not examined, and we do not know that it is the custom of some offices to return a large number of contributions unread—reading only those from authors whom they know. We have no objection to certain publications seem to be wholly written up by a few writers. The SATURDAY JOURNAL selects the best that is offered, and gives all matter sent in a proper examination.

HENRY HOWARD. No matter if your story has been rejected by the *Illustrated Weekly* magazine. That is no sign whatever of a want of merit. As its editors seem to think foreign authors preferable to home writers they must necessarily return all most American productions. The injustice done American authors is a matter of course. We are glad to see the press, who print about "English superiority," is monstrous. The secret of their devotion to foreign matter lies in the fact that it costs them nothing, but the price of the British publication from which they publish.

MISS P. G. S. asks: "What do you think of a gentleman who swells along the sidewalk, puffing his cigar smoke in the faces of the passers-by? We think it is a mistake to call him a gentleman. No true gentleman makes himself a common nuisance, nor gives offense to strangers."

ESSIE WILLIS asks if she meets a stranger at a party and makes his acquaintance, and then tries to refuse his escort home? We should say, if the stranger was properly *authenticated* to her by the friend who introduced him, that it would be unbecomingly unkind to refuse his company already was engaged by another. Never give a stranger the "cold shoulder" because he is a stranger, for that is rude and wrong.

THEODORE. The lines to which you refer are:
"Woman's love, will often like the fry, clear,
Around a base and worthless thing of creation."
The thing above referred to is a worthless "lord of creation."

M. F. A. The Jacobine were members of a political club, established in Versailles, France, in 1793. The club was celebrated during the first French Revolution.

PORT. In Goldsmith's "Hermit," are to be found the lines,
"What is friendship but a name?
I claim that name, and I claim that name,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep."

PROTESTANT. The Mohammedans date back to the year 622—and not to the birth of Christ, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, as do the Christians.
H. E. inquires for a receipt to whiten the hands. Take a wine-glass of eau de Cologne, and another of lemon-juice; then scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap

MOTHERLESS.

BY EREN DEXFORD.

Two children sitting all alone,
With twilight shadows round them grown,
And one, a baby, cries, to miss
His mother's arms and mother's kiss.
"Hush, dearie," says the other one,
As gently as she would have done.
"Dear mother's dead. She went away
To heaven, I heard the preacher say.
"She can not come to us, you know,
Because the angels love her so."
Dear child, you do not comprehend,
How life and death together blend?
Though dead, your mother hovers near
Her children, now grown doubly dear.
She loves you, and her love will stir
Your souls, and draw them on to her.
You never are alone, for she,
Your angel, always near will be,
To guide and guard your feet, and make
Dear heaven more dear, for her sweet sake.

How He Was Cured.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A SPACIOUS apartment, whose walls were richly painted, and whose lofty ceiling was hung in fluted draperies of orange-satin; an Axminster carpet on the floor that cost enough to have built and furnished a cottage for a poor man; sofas, arm-chairs, ottomans, lounging-nests of black rosewood, upholstered in orange-satin and deep, thick bullion fringe; built cabinets; inlaid silver and ebony brackets; marble pedestals for the bronzes and statuettes that were arranged with such unstudied artistic grace. It was the drawing-room in a palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue, owned and occupied by a young man of luxurious, æsthetic tastes, whose balance at his banker's was large enough to indulge his extravagant habits; a frank, fashionable, handsome young fellow, whom no amount of petting and flattery had spoiled. Just now, this lordly young Trance Levison—that was his name—was reclining in one of those orange-satin lounging-nests, very much at his ease, with his No. 5 1/2 booted foot on the steel fender of the grate, and a fragrant cigar in his mouth—a handsome mouth it was too, with its white, regular teeth, that did not at all remind you of the dentist's handiwork, perfect though they were, and a bright, heavy brown mustache, that matched his eyes and hair.

"I mean just what I say, Craven, and when I insist that I wouldn't be introduced to her for all the wide world, and what it contains, perhaps you'll believe me."

He leaned lazily back, blowing smoky rings out of his mouth.

"And I say it's a prejudice unworthy of you, Levison, and your usually liberal views."

"Look here, Tony Craven," and Trance turned his eyes around so he commanded his companion's face. "Just let me remind you, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of one of these wonderful women once upon a time—an authoress, it was, whom some smitten fellow or other wanted to me about until I caught the fever, and—went like a lamb to the slaughter. Heavens, Craven, that authoress—a sketch-writer for some of our leading weeklies, too!—you ought to have seen her!"

For the life of him, Craven had to laugh, so lugubrious Trance Levison's face had grown.

"That may be, old fellow; but this lady I want you to meet is not an authoress, or an actress, or even a—"

"But she's ten million times worse than any, or all! Bless you, the very word 'doctress' sends cold shivers down my back-bone! Why, I'd like a puppy before I'd let one of 'em touch me!"

And Mr. Levison began a promenade in the long room, his feelings becoming too much for him.

"Yes, Miss Hammond is a doctress—but such a lovely girl! such eyes!—why, Trance, they remind me of—of—"

"None of your sentimental, now, Craven! I tell you that tall, slim, watery-eyed authoress finished me; and I'll consent to be chopped up for sausage-meat before I'll ever speak to another of these brazen, unwomanly 'professionals.' Besides, Craven—"

and Levison drew a long breath, and glanced deprecatingly at Craven—"I've seen my ideal, you know; met her on Lexington Avenue, a week or so ago, driving along in the most stylish little phaeton I ever saw—blue velvet cushions and blue hangings. The way she handled the ribbons was simply perfect, Craven; nobody but a thorough horseman could have managed that black pony."

Roscoe Craven smiled—with a trace of sarcasm in it.

"Past, most likely, Trance—"

"Past?" returned Levison, indignantly. "I tell you she was a perfect lady, in aspect and appearance. Such bewildering golden bronze hair—"

"There, no sentiment, you know, Levison. Have a seat in my coupe, up to Delmonico's, for lunch? He's got some of the finest lobster, *a la cordoise*, I ever tasted."

Farmer Durand's farm-house was a long, low stone building, with windows overhung with fragrant roses, and innumerable trellises hidden by a perfect bloom of star-eyed clematis and the waxen trumpets of woodbine. It stood on the edge of a gentle slope, a very border of rural beauty, that commanded a view of Long Island Sound just in front, dotted with its white sails.

"Well, Levison, how do you like it by this time? Or is two weeks too little a while to judge in?"

"Don't ask me how I like any thing! I feel as savage as a meat-axe, with this con-founded, mean, miserable headache, that must have come at Satan's own instigation."

He was lying at full length on a rustic bench just on the edge of the green slope, his handsome face flushed and weary.

"Hasn't it got better, then? You don't look well, that's a fact, Trance."

Craven looked anxiously down at him.

"I can't bear anybody to look at me when I'm not well, Roscoe—don't! There—I'm as cross as a sick bear, ain't I? But you'd be, too, if your head felt as if a ton of lead were crushing your brains in. My heart beats, too."

"Does it? That's something very remarkable. It seems to me, mine does, too."

"Humph! You know what I mean, well enough. I will go to my room and lie down awhile."

He walked to the house in a tired sort of way that hurt Craven to see, and he threw

away his half-smoked cigar (an immense sacrifice that, to some men) and followed him.

"You are sick, Trance. Mr. Durand must ride over to Elm Cove for a doctor."

"Well," Levison assented, languidly, and then good Mrs. Durand came in with an armful of lavender-scented linen.

"This youngster appears to be under the weather somewhat, Mrs. Durand. Who's your physician—is he skillful?"

"Skillful? Bless your dear hearts, gentlemen, I never see anybody have the bilious fever so bad as my man, and the way she brought him through was beautiful!"

But her praise was lost on Trance, who fairly screamed out:

"She, was it? Well, don't you bring any of her here—mind that, Craven!"

"But, Dr. Lillian Hammond is a proper smart woman, now, Mr. Levison. You'd ought to see how she raised Mrs. Smith's baby with the cholera infant—"

"What the dev—what do I care about Mrs. Smith's baby? Craven, go straight for Dr. Ellis, at the Cove—mind now!"

Trance was talking loudly and excitedly, and it was patent that a fever of some sort was setting in, so Craven started off without further ado.

But Dr. Ellis and his partner were both away on a vacation, and there was no one to help poor Trance but this Dr. Lillian Hammond, who was rusticated and working, both at once, in the quiet little village.

So Craven was forced to take her with him, and on the way, being acquaintances, he amused her with the story of her patient's prejudices.

She laughed, and declared that was one of the first symptoms she had to deal with, generally.

At the sick-room door Mrs. Durand met them, and explained that Trance was as "crazy as a loon," which was a slight relief to Craven, in one sense.

With gentle, skillful, yet strong hands, Miss Hammond quieted him as he tossed restlessly; and then, when she had prepared his medicine, with her own hands bathed his hot forehead and dry hands.

"An angel—an angel, with such a cool touch, the same I saw in the pony phaeton, whose blue hangings matched the bright, gold hair. Craven! I say, Roscoe!—that strong-minded female who killed the Smith baby with a cholera infantum ain't coming here, you know! Dr. Ellis, you're a skillful man—a skillful man. Give me your hand."

And Trance clasped Craven's hand in his hot grasp.

"Oh, how hot your hand is! Where's that golden-haired girl I saw in the pony phaeton? Wasn't she here just now?"

And this lovely, bronze-haired girl, who was soothing Trance Levison, blushed from her forehead to her very finger-tips.

"It is a strange coincidence, Miss Hammond, isn't it?"

"Hush, Mr. Craven! voices excite him. He is going to have the typhoid fever."

And, all through those six long weeks that followed, Miss Hammond kept daily watch and ward over him, until one day when she said he would awake to consciousness before sunset; then she had sudden, pressing engagements elsewhere.

But the sick man missed her at once; and in his weak, nervous condition, Mrs. Durand and Craven told him of a friend of theirs—a "Lillie," who had dropped in to take care of him.

And willful Trance insisted on having her come again. So she came, radiant in her sweet, fresh beauty, so retiring in her womanly grace; and the moment Trance saw her he knew her for the ideal he had loved so long, in health and sickness.

"Didn't I see you often, driving in a blue-lined pony phaeton, Miss Lillie?" he asked, after he was able to sit up by the sunny window—it was October, now.

And she flushed deliciously, as if ashamed to acknowledge she had as well seen him.

"I think it is likely; my phaeton is trimmed in blue."

He was in love with her, and no doubt, this lovely girl, who was so gentle and charming. And one day when she came in his room, he told her so, in the ardent, willful way that went straight to her heart.

"But, I've a secret to tell before I can answer. May I tell it?"

He laughed, and nodded yes.

Very gravely—for how would this affect them? she took a card from her case and silently laid it on his knee.

He started, blushed like a woman, then glanced beseechingly at her eloquent face.

The card read: "Lillian Hammond, M. D."

The tears rushed to her eyes.

"Trance, Trance, my darling! I don't hate me for it."

"Hate you—hate you, my savior! my own, my own!"

And in that silent embrace that followed, she knew it was for life and death that she was truly "his own."

N. B.—Mrs. Trance Levison did not "resume the practice of her profession" after her marriage.

Adria, the Adopted: The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "BRANDED," "SEA HARVEST," "THE PHAETON'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Colonel Templeton was in his library. It was a light, cozy nook fitted with shelves and cases, a desk, a table, and one or two lounging-chairs. It communicated with a suit comprising sitting and breakfast-rooms, but the folding-doors belonging to this immediate apartment had been doubled, professedly in consideration that Colonel Templeton's ready cash was always stored in his desk rendering the necessity of security; probably to insure his private consultations from eavesdropping propensities of his retainers.

He glanced up as his son entered, but continued his work of assorting loose papers which littered the table before him. He was a methodical man of business. The bills and receipts properly packaged and labeled, he turned with sharp scrutiny to Reginald who was still standing.

The young man was looking heavy-eyed and haggard. His hair was disheveled and dress carelessly worn. Truth to tell he had slept none the previous night, and had come in at daylight from a scene of bacchanalian revelry. But he inherited his father's iron

constitution, and the excesses which would have utterly debased most of men told but slightly on him.

"You are dissipating too heavily, Reginald," said his father calmly. "A befooled brain will never accomplish your object."

"One must take some comfort in life," returned the other doggedly. "I think you will find me clear enough to comprehend any thing you may wish to impart."

There was but little sympathy between the two. They were much alike; pitiless, unyielding, unscrupulous. Their dispositions tallied nearly as cynical middle-age and impulsive youth can.

"Sit down," said the older man, pointing to a chair into which Reginald sunk gloomily.

"If we are to co-operate in any particular, we must reduce the matter to a purely business arrangement, and so regard its different phases. You still retain your desire to marry the girl, Adria Ellesford?"

"I believe it is not a Templeton attribute to waver in a purpose. I have informed you of my determination."

The Colonel smiled with grim satisfaction.

"Will you inform me why you sought my assistance?"

"I thought I had explained. I am virtually banished from the place, at least for the present. No doubt a little catering will restore me by-and-by, but meantime other influences may gain the ascendancy. She has elevated this young Hastings to be a kind of demi-god in her fancy, whom she is bound to worship after the orthodox precedent of romantic young ladies and their preservers. If he remains at the Grange he may work some serious mischief. Get the fellow out of the way and I can prosecute my suit without difficulty."

"But if as you fear, he has obtained such hold upon her, will his removal effect the desired end? Will she not rather brood over his absence and look forward to a reunion? None but a fool would neglect such an opportunity to gain wealth and position as her partiality presents, and my own observation teaches me that he is by no means indifferent."

Neither you nor I, sir, have much faith in woman's constancy," returned Reginald coolly. "But I do not apprehend that matters are yet endangered. At any rate I have not yet seen the woman who could long resist my advances."

He straightened himself and shook out his lionine hair with self-conscious pride. He had full confidence in the irresistible power exerted by his handsome face and specious tongue.

"Faith, if rumor speaks truly you have created no small havoc among them. But you must convince Adria Ellesford is not of the common type. I give her credit for considerable penetration and more independence."

"Which shall lead her to acknowledge me," asserted Reginald positively. "I think, sir, you are wandering from the strict business view you proposed taking of the affair. You embrace her claims ardently, as I could desire from an outside party."

"I think you will admit the pertinence of my observations. Do you suppose she is most easily influenced by suggestions of duty or of impulse?"

"The former unquestionably."

Colonel Templeton remained silent for a moment.

"I think," he said, "it would be injudicious to attempt forcing the young man's departure. To do so would involve mystery and deceit which might arouse sympathy with him. He can not remain much longer and the impression he may have created will die a natural death. I think I can suggest a surer method of preferring your cause, but first I shall wish to settle preliminaries."

He paused. Reginald awaited silently.

"You must be aware that my finances are in a rather complicated state. I am in need of a considerable sum, the possession of which will advance both your chances of success and my own interests."

"You wish it furnished from my secured portion?"

"If your filial duty suggests such a course I shall not refuse your kindness."

Reginald's lip curled scornfully.

"How much?" he asked.

"You shall yourself determine the amount retained. I shall require the loan of twenty thousand dollars for a few weeks."

Reginald started to his feet with an oath. "Half I possess," he exclaimed.

"I shall convince you of the safety of the enterprise. What would you say to investing it in the firm of Ellesford, Banks & Co.?"

The other looked amazed.

"Explain yourself," he demanded.

Colonel Templeton was commonly a man of few words, but the conversation which followed was lengthy and explicit. Its import and result will occur in proper time.

One minor item was decided upon. It was deemed expedient that Reginald should make speedy peace at the Grange, but should forbear to press his suit for a time.

Accordingly, he went over that very day and gained a few private words with Adria.

"Forgive me," he said humbly. "I will not pain you again, but you must let me see you sometimes. I will be contented with that. Away from you I am not myself. I grow desperate and am frightened at my own promptings. With your sympathy attending me I will endeavor to crush my hopeless love into a friend's devotion."

She was touched by his submission. There is no surer means of winning woman's sympathy than making her believe you feel your own unworthiness and her unapproachable superiority.

So Reginald was received again a daily visitor. He was tender and deferential in his conduct to Adria, but withdrew himself from obtrusive notice.

Valeria and he were now thrown much together. It was in the nature of the man to pay court to every woman. He delighted to exert his fascinating power, and was merciless in witnessing its effects. Miss Walton was a beautiful woman, and her worldly stoicism, which he was not long in penetrating, invited him to a clash of arms.

Valeria was a thoroughly selfish woman, and she had centered her ambition upon a grand ultimatum. Imbued with the fancy of injustice indirectly meted to her, "grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength," had come the determination to regain her natural Ellesford rights. To some day reign mistress of the family wealth was the incentive which had directed her mind for years—which had brought her to the Grange in the hope of forcing the result.

But now a dangerous counter influence was brought to bear against her preconcerted plans. Reginald Templeton, young, debonair and courtly, succeeded in that which hosts of true lovers had failed to accomplish.

When the knowledge dawned upon her, she shut herself in her own room and faced the truth in its uncompromising nakedness.

She had found a phase in her nature she had not suspected herself of possessing. It seemed as if three Valerias had suddenly blossomed from the one. One herself sat quietly down and listened to the pleading of the other two; the first presenting her ambitious aim in all its splendid tints, the last using all the eloquence of love to gain the field. The struggle was tedious and painful, but she would not give up the study of her lifetime to an impulse springing into action in an hour.

Reginald Templeton she loved. Joseph Ellesford, her distant kinsman, a man who had lived more years than had been numbered since her father's birth, she determined to marry.

So she buried the unquiet spirit in outer calm, and passed days seemingly tranquil but agitated by the revulsions of a nature so thoroughly selfish that she could not willingly relinquish either coveted object.

Early winter crept stealthily on. Kenneth mended but slowly. An epistle had come from the Russell Brothers, stiffly worded but imbued with real kindly feeling. They had taken unprecedented interest in this young agent. In it they commended the zeal which had insured early settlement from Ellesford, Banks & Co., regretted his accident, and intimated that, though the business entrusted to him was important, he should not actively engage again until fully recovered.

He knew that he must now soon close his pleasant reprieve. He counted the days as they fled as a miser might regret telling out his gold.

Mr. Ellesford had grown very fond of the young man. He found him an intelligent companion, with moral principle denoting him worthy of every trust. Gradually he had come to confide in his judgment, and sought his advice in many details.

The two men were alone one morning, enjoying the city papers just arrived, when a messenger from the telegraph office came in haste.

He bore a dispatch, evidently incited in angry haste:

"Have you been asleep? or why, in Heaven's name have you not acted? The firm is hopelessly involved, and Banks gone—we hope to the devil, as he deserves."

(Signed,) CLARKE & NELSON.

Clarke and Nelson were the two small capitalists embraced in the Co.

CHAPTER IX.

The two women in the little woodland hut lived quietly. During her master's time, Juana, like him, had been a recluse, and since had discouraged the attempts made by a few curious villagers to establish communication with her.

Her sullen reticence invited no interference, and those who had attempted it were soon content to let her enjoy the solitude she desired; the more readily that an annual stipend accorded her by Joseph Ellesford rendered her independent of officious aid.

When Nelly Kent appeared with her the country people wondered a little. But as their unobtrusive existence betrayed nothing on which to feed curiosity, their daily quiet was disturbed by no importunate meddling.

That this calm was not perfect peace to either was quite evident. Since the day the strange dark man had penetrated into the cabin, Juana had been constantly on her guard. She seemed argus-eyed in her vigilance. She prowled through the adjacent woodland at unreasonable hours, and no living object approaching the place escaped her observation. But she had not again found him for whom she watched and sought.

Nelly, occupied with her own thoughts, saw nothing of the strangeness of the old woman's conduct. Restless or brooding in turn herself, an intense desire was consuming her, which one morning found utterance in a resolve.

"Juana," she said, "I am going to the Grange."

"Oh, Miss Nelly!" cried Juana, in consternation, the name falling from her lips awkwardly, as though they could not accustom themselves to the utterance.

"I can not rest. I can not be satisfied until I have been there. Something stronger than my will draws me thither; if I have tried to resist it in vain. My going may not be for the better, but it can not be for worse."

Juana's face looked troubled, but she did not attempt to gainsay this determination. Nelly wrapped herself in a plain dark cloak and hood, and set forth for the Grange. She glanced back once at Juana who was watching her receding figure, and noted her anxious look.

"True, faithful heart," she murmured, her eyes filling.

"Oh, how can she—" moaned Juana—"how can she go there where that awful horror will rise up before her again?"

Valeria and Adria had breakfasted alone and retired to the common parlor. The former, with eyes half closed and hands indolently folded, lay back in her chair before the glowing grate, basking in its warmth. She loved ease and idleness, and was now enabled, for the first time, to indulge in them. Adria was busied with some bit of woman's work, and as her hands mingled the warm-hued worsteds she was fashioning, her lips curved tenderly and her thoughts flew over the mystic pathway trod only by youth's happy fancies.

Mr. Ellesford, accompanied by Kenneth, had departed for Washington the preceding day. They had gone in haste, the former explaining to his daughter that business connected with the firm called him unexpectedly, but in such a manner that she should infer nothing of its serious nature.

So Valeria and Adria were alone for the time.

A voice singularly clear and sweet broke upon the morning air. A woman, pausing before the low window, was chanting a joyous anthem. Adria listened to the tones chiming with her own happy thoughts, but as they died away, she approached the casement, and swinging it open, bade the singer enter.

Complying, the woman stepped over the low sill, her dark eyes wandering restlessly about the apartment, but her passive face revealed no gleam of expression.

"Who are you?" asked Adria.

She did not reply immediately. Her roving

glance comprehended her questioner presently, but she seemed to have forgotten that she had been addressed.

"Shall I sing for you?" she asked.

Then, without awaiting a reply, she began a refrain, low and solemn, which brought a film of moisture to the eyes of one tender-hearted listener. Valeria regarded the stranger curiously as she entered, but placing her as a strolling mendicant, lapsed into indifference.

"Poor creature!" said Adria to her, in an undertone. "She is evidently distraught, but has certainly been a lady. How sweetly she sings!"

Valeria nodded acquiescence, and thought to herself how tiresome were Miss Ellesford's whims, one of which had brought this straggler within. For herself, Valeria would have thrown her a penny and ordered her from the grounds.

"I shall manage very differently when I am Mrs. Ellesford," she reflected, and in the contemplation of that future lapsed into unobserving indifference again.

Adria rung the bell, ordering the servant to prepare a simple repast for the strange visitor, and herself accompanied her to the breakfast-room.

Nelly Kent (the reader has inferred that it was she) sat down to the damask-spread board on which the Ellesford silver, just out of the housekeeper's polishing hands, was glittering in full array.

A close, suffocating sensation came over her, the dull, dead ache of her heart intensified until she thought she must scream out her agony. Nevertheless, she sipped her tea silently; and Adria, with delicate tact, intended to relieve all feeling of embarrassment, crossed to the opposite side of the apartment, where the housekeeper was engaged in cleansing the China service.

"Do you know who she is, Davis?" Adria inquired, softly.

"It's the poor dazed lady that's took up with old Juana," returned Davis, in the same tone. "I know her by her crippled arm, which the maids who ha' seen her walking in the grounds ha' told me of."

Adria had not observed the helpless member, concealed as it had been by the woman's large cloak. She turned, with renewed pity in her eyes, to find the place at the table vacant, the figure which had been there a moment before noiselessly vanished.

Davis set up a cry of alarm and began to hastily count the silver. Her apprehensions were quieted somewhat on finding it correct. Adria was amazed.

"She must have gone back to the parlor," she said, after a moment's thought.

"Sure enough," admitted Davis. "The front entrance is locked, and she'd ha' passed us going out the side way."

But investigation proved she had not gone back to the parlor. Valeria, sitting idly as she had been left, had not seen her. Adria, perplexed, went back to the breakfast-room; and Valeria, whose senses were always on the alert, even when her manner least indicated it, remembered hearing the sound of an opening door a moment previous, and herself proceeded to reconnoitre.

Nelly Kent, finding herself unobserved, crept silently from the room and sped swiftly through the different passages ways. Not a moment did she pause to consider her course, but made her way to the arched chamber.

With tremulous haste she knelt by the little dark table, and with fingers fumbling the carved work of its pendant side, found and pressed a spring concealed there. A tiny drawer sprang out as if by magic, disclosing a compact roll of yellow parchment, and a locket studded with brilliants, with a long slender-linked chain attached. The trinket was dentured deeply, and the chain, pliable in its virgin purity was bent and entangled. She took it up reverently.

"I may wear it again now," she murmured. "Oh, my love, my love!"

The rustle of a woman's dress caught her quick ear, and the little drawer shot back to its place none too soon. Valeria, upon the threshold, caught the glitter of something in the woman's hand conveyed quickly to her bosom.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 85.)



down, and permit almost any liberty with him. He seemed to regard his conqueror with real affection, and to feel a pleasure in anticipating his wishes.

Old Grizzly had ridden upon the back of Sampson, but it was done while the brute was under a spell of terror, and the animal manifested a curious repugnance against any one sitting upon his whale-like back.

"Yer've got to come to it!" exclaimed old Adams, somewhat petulantly. "Yer've got to carry me on yer back, and anybody else that wants to. Come, now, that's a good feller."

The bear was down, and the hunter put one of his long legs over his back, and then sat down rather gingerly.

Sampson gave an angry snort, and rising upon his forefeet, Old Grizzly slid down his smooth back upon the ground again.

"I wonder ef yer could hold any more," muttered the old man, as he stepped back and viewed the ponderous proportions of the creature. "Ef I thought yer could, I'd cram several more buffers down yer throat, and then mebbe you'd be a little more docile—confound yer!"

He now began "operating" upon the eye of the animal—gesticulating and motioning in a way that made it look as if he were teaching him the deaf and dumb alphabet.

It soon produced its effect; the bear was plainly a great deal more subdued, and when Old Grizzly vaulted up from the ground, alighting like an athlete upon his back, the brute made no resistance, and indeed showed no repugnance at all.

"Thar!" exclaimed the delighted bear-tamer, "I think that ar' is a success."

Old Grizzly had a peculiarly-made saddle, intended expressly to be used in riding Sampson, but he concluded that he would not put him under this at present. Those who saw the bear-tamer in after years, will remember that he took great pride in displaying it to the admiring thousands who came to see the monster himself.

The shaggy hair of the brute afforded a ready means for grasping and for holding one's self securely upon the great back of the animal, and so, slinging his rifle over his shoulder, where it was securely fastened, Old Grizzly clenched the hair of his pet and started him off with the dog Blinker trotting at their side.

"Now, my ole Butterfly," called out the delighted hunter, "let's see what yer made of."

The slow walk upon which Sampson started rapidly increased to an elephantine trot, while the rider showed as much delight as a schoolboy.

"Won't we wake up the varmints when we land among 'em? Wal, I rather guess we will. This yer's what I call fun—"

Just then Old Grizzly Adams felt a limb brush his face, and he attempted to dodge; but he wasn't quite soon enough, and was caught beneath the chin, and turned a back summerset off of Sampson, that trotted composedly on, leaving his master to pick himself up and overtake him.

This was speedily done, the giant creature obeying his voice as obediently as Blinker could have done himself. Such a trifling weight as that of a man was not noticed when it slid from his back, but he recognized his voice, and waited patiently until the bear-tamer mounted again.

"Now, go it, Hummin' Bird!" he called out, as he settled in position; "I feel as though we war goin' to fetch up somenhar!"

And away went Sampson and his rider!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TRAPPER FRIEND.

THERE could be no doubt but that the Blackfeet were using every effort to capture Warrama, the Avenger, and he was now very nearly caught. In the outer grasp of an elaborate plan looking to that end.

From here, there, seemingly everywhere, came the sharp signal whoops of the Blackfeet who were centering all their efforts upon the single fleeing white man. The latter ran like a blood-hound; and, as the redskins witnessed the speed with which the fugitive ran, their rifles began cracking here and there, and the bullets literally "whistled" about the ears of Bender, who did not relax his extraordinary efforts in the least.

These shots, like the others, were intended to disable and not to kill the white man. The dreadful torture scene was that for which the Blackfeet sighed, more than they did for the actual death itself, and not until it was morally certain that the capture of the Avenger was impossible, would Big Hand have permitted his death in this sudden and, as compared with the others, painless manner.

Fortunately for Bender, as he ran, he was unharmed, and his great speed was swiftly carrying him beyond all danger from this source, when an alarming and unexpected check took place.

Scarcely a hundred yards distant and directly in front of him, three Indians arose, apparently from the very ground, and with exultant whoops made directly toward him.

This necessitated another change of direction, and the fugitive made, on the instant, but he was thrown under such manifest disadvantage that he determined to turn at bay the very moment a favorable opportunity offered.

With this purpose in view, he headed toward a rocky section, directly at the base of the mountain, of such a wild, rugged character that it looked almost impassable, even for an Alpine chamois, but he bounded upward with the agility and skill of a monkey, seeming scarcely to moderate his speed in the least. Warrama was not compelled to search long for such a spot. In this rough, rocky place there were all sorts of chasms and caverns, but in taking refuge in one, he wished to make sure that it possessed some capabilities of defense.

He was descending an unusually craggy place in this manner, when he dropped almost upon the shoulders of a man of large, heavy frame, who was attired in the garb of a hunter, and who was engaged in smoking his pipe and half dozing upon a broad rock where the sun had full play upon him.

"Hullo! what's up?" he demanded, catching up his rifle and springing to his feet.

"Blackfeet!" was the significant reply of Warrama; "have you got any place where a fellow can hide?"

"Dodge right into that hole!"

The trapper explained what he meant, by plunging like a frog into a dark circular hole about three feet in diameter, and the fugitive, without a moment's hesitation, did the same.

"Now give us a boost yer," added his newly found friend, applying his ponderous

shoulder to an immense boulder, "and we'll soon shet out the rapscallions."

A tremendous heave together, and the boulder tipped into position, and the two men were shut in, just as a series of whoops and yells reached their ears.

"Let 'em howl!" muttered the trapper, "and see what good it does 'em; they ain't got in yer yet, and I reckon it'll be ten or fifteen minutes afore they does."

"This is a regular fort," remarked Warrama, looking about the cavern and endeavoring to pierce the gloom.

"I've been chased in yer afore, but thar ain't ary rapscallin' follered me very fur—not much, I reckon."

"Don't I hear the sound of trickling water?" asked the Avenger, still vainly endeavoring to pierce the gloom behind him.

"Yas. This ole place runs back about twenty feet, and the back wall sweats so much all the time, that the water keeps droppin' down just as though there was a spring overhead."

"I should think it would make it rather damp."

"So it does, and that's what I like 'bout it; ef yer git cornered in yer for two or three days, yer see, you can get sunktken to drink; that's what I was thinkin' 'bout five years ago, when I picked out this place."

"Have you been here ever since?"

"Only durin' trappin' time."

"But the trapping season is gone by—several weeks ago."

"Edzactly—but thar's a cache a mile or two away from yer, that I come to look arter, and while I war about it, I thought I'd come up yer and take a smoke, and that's what I war doin' when you kerlummuxed down upon me, in a way that give me an ortel skeer."

"Have you any furs in here?"

"Only one or two that I leave fur nest eggs."

"Where are you from?"

"St. Loney."

"Where is your horse?"

"He's a couple of miles away, in a grassy kenyon, eatin' grass an' waitin' till I come arter him."

"Unless the Blackfeet take him for you."

"No danger of the rapscallions finding him, and if they did he wouldn't let 'em put thar hands on him."

"He must be quite a sagacious brute," remarked Warrama, who was not a little pleased with his new acquaintance, who, as if the shrewdness of the horse were fully explained thereby, simply remarked:

"I trained the critter."

"Have you never been troubled by the Indians, while making this your headquarters?"

"Oh! yes: 'xpect it reg'lar every season."

"How is it you beat them off?"

"Wal, they git tired; I keel that ar stone over, an' afore they kin get in, they've got to roll that away, an' afore they kin roll that away, they've got to dodge about a hundred bullets from my gun, an' I haven't found the rapscallin' that kin do that quite."

"You are prepared then?"

"Allers; I keep 'nough fodder in yer to last me a month or two, an' then you hear the water drop, drop, drop, all the time; so, what more do yer want now?"

"Have you food?"

"Plenty of it. I'd just as lief spend a week in yer as not, fur thar ain't no danger of gettin' hurt, an' you're sure to have a good chance to pick off plenty of the rapscallins."

The Avenger was about to remark that he would be glad to keep him company for such a time, when he recollected the work before him.

"Had I the time, I would be glad to stay with you; but I must get out of here before to-morrow mornin' at least."

"Praps yer can't."

"But I must, and I shall," was the determined reply. "If they don't make the attack right speedily, I shall go out alone."

"No, you won't, fur thar they come now!"

The trapper spoke the truth!

CHAPTER XVII.

"WHAT DID THEY SEE?"

IT will be remembered that at the critical moment Alfred Badger and Silver Tongue had been rudely interrupted by a commotion without the strong lodge, and that the maiden, after impulsively imprinting a kiss upon her lover's forehead, had turned and fled from sight.

When Silver Tongue had entered the lodge, by consent of the Indian sentinel, other eyes had noted the incident, and it was quickly known throughout the village that the chief's daughter was in sympathy with the captive.

Jealous of any interference, and fearful that some plan was on foot to rescue their victim, the younger braves, especially the kindred of the warriors who had been slain in the council-house square, quickly assembled in the vicinity of the Young Eagle's prison place, and prepared to defeat any treachery that might be afoot.

High words soon arose between the hot-headed young men, the friends of Silver Tongue opposing any interruption, while the remainder declared that she must leave the strong lodge.

Weapons were drawn, and in a moment more a bloody collision must have ensued, when the appearance of the maiden from out of the lodge put an end to the strife.

Left to himself, the prisoner fell to musing upon the extraordinary turn affairs had taken.

Menaced as he was by an awful death, he still allowed his thoughts to wander to the beautiful girl who had just left him.

"She loves me—she loves me," he murmured, as a new delight thrilled his being, "and I believe I love her, too; for never have I been so impressed by a female as by her. Indeed I never knew what love was until this moment."

Dreadful as were his surroundings, he indulged in those blissful dreams which characterize the dawning of the all-potent passion, and forgot for the time the dark, portentous cloud that hung over his life, and which was so fearfully near.

"She loves me—she loves me," he added to himself, as he sunk off into a sweet dream, in which the same enrapturing figure floated before him.

When he opened his eyes again the day was far advanced, and an Indian entered to remove the things by which he was bound, and to give him food to eat. This done, he was left alone again.

Ere long Iron Heel looked furtively in the door upon him, but vanished again without uttering a syllable. Several hours later

Leaping Elk gained admittance, although not without considerable difficulty.

The Indian youth showed his love in his looks, words, and in every gesture and movement he made, and Young Eagle, touched by his devotion, reciprocated the demonstrations, much to the delight of Leaping Elk, who said that he had seen Old Grizzly but a short time before, and that he bore a message from him.

And here the devoted youth indulged in a dissimulation, which, perhaps, was excusable under the circumstances—saying that Old Grizzly bid him say that the captive should be saved from the death to which he had been sentenced.

But the youth failed to tell by what means he was to be rescued.

This assurance, added to the feeling inspired by Silver Tongue, and the declaration of Leaping Elk, who gladly would have seen any other sacrifice a thousand times to save his new "brother," gave the captive youth the strongest hope of a fortunate turn of events.

The interview was of the most pleasing character, and, although Leaping Elk could make no definite promise, he departed with the admonition to Alfred to be prepared during the day or coming night for an attempt at rescue in some shape or other.

He had scarcely departed when the captive was surprised by a most dismal wailing and moaning that must have come from hundreds of voices. He sprang to his feet, wondering what it could mean; but, after listening a moment, he sat down again, knowing the cause of such a doleful tumult.

The Blackfeet were lamenting for their warriors who had fallen the day before, in the fierce conflict in the hills, and who had just been buried. Among these were some of the best and bravest of the tribe, and their mourning was sincere and universal.

The deafening, dismal wailing and chanting was scarcely interrupted for hours, and the youth was convinced that it would be carried far into the night, and with this belief came the thought that the most favorable time for a rescue would be on this succeeding night.

"They are absorbed with mourning," he thought, "and do not dream of any such thing, but in what shape will it come? At any rate, I shall keep awake and be ready."

Only one thought gave him pain. Where was Silver Tongue? Why had she not paid him another visit? His heart had been beating fast, for several hours, under the belief that she would appear before him again.

"She may have been prevented," he added, with a sigh. "Big Hand may suspect the truth, or, perhaps, she has joined the mourners."

Attempting to console himself in this manner, he saw the day close, and the darkness of night close over the village.

Still the lamentations and wailings continued, and the guard who came in at night to bring him his food, and re-bind him, delayed his coming to an unusually late hour; but, when a partial lull succeeded, the dismal looking Indian entered, placed some food before him, and then stooped down to fasten the thongs to his ankles.

At this instant, a strange, heavy, sweeping tread was heard without the room.

It was approaching, too, and the alarmed Indian turned his gaze to see what it meant. As he did so, he uttered a howl of terror, and dashed headlong out of the opposite door.

Alfred Badger looked up. His eyes encountered a sight that drove the blood in torrents back upon his heart.

What did he see?

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 83.)

The Ocean Girl:

OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,

AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUISE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED.

When they awoke, it was quite dark, and therefore, in a country they knew not, it was impossible to travel.

A camp in the woods was at once decided upon.

"We can fancy ourselves gipsies," said Loo, laughing.

"Or robbers," said the boy. "I have often wished to see a camp of Italian banditti. It must be fine!"

"Romantic," observed Loo, thoughtfully. "I don't like banditti. They remind me of pirates or buccaneers."

"Like me," said Edward, in a tone of senile philosophy.

"If all were like you," began Loo, and then she hesitated.

"Well—"

"Well, I should like them," cried Loo; and jumping up, she began collecting fuel for a fire, which, in almost any latitude, is pleasant at night, but is always required to keep off wild animals and noxious vermin.

As the trees were thick, a much less complicated but than where the trees were thinner and more open was all that was needed to keep off the dew. It consisted only of a roof of branches and leaves; under this, after some serious talk about their situation, these innocent children slept, like babes in the wood, until morning came.

They were awakened by the bleating of the two kids and the mother, now much tamer from the unusual deprivation of food.

Loo rushed to pluck grass and delicate shrubs for the she-goat; and Edward, taking advantage of the animal's secure position, milked a small quantity into a cocoa-nut shell, and handed it with pride to his companion, when he returned.

"We will keep her, and have milk every morning," she said, enthusiastically.

Edward proceeded, with a smile, to loosen the goat, that she might rise to her feet, and giving her food, she ate it heartily. As for the kids, there was no necessity to tie them, as, once loosened, they rushed to their mother, and would not leave her. This little event seemed to elate both Ned and Loo, and to make them forget the dangers they had already passed through, or to feel anxious about those which might yet be in store for them.

They took up their march early, leading the goat, and walking slowly across the hills.

At the same instant both halted, as if struck with sudden fear, or, at all events, with some all-powerful sensation.

Each, at the same time, had heard a gun at sea!

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

A GUN AT SEA!

What did this portent—assistance from friends, or danger from enemies? At all events, it was useless to speculate on the matter; so both, with one accord, hastened toward the summit of a rock, on which stood a solitary palm, and gazed out.

But for some minutes they could neither hear nor see any thing.

There was a red haze under the rising sun, which prevented them from seeing very distinctly, though they strained their eyes as much as possible for the purpose. It was early, too, and the sun itself was low upon the waters.

Suddenly a red flash illuminated the sky, and a distant boom followed rapidly. It was a vessel at some distance. Both now, breathless and overcome by mingled fear and hope, seated themselves. They did not speak for some time, so absorbed were they in their feelings.

"I can see her sails," suddenly exclaimed Edward, "just under the sun yonder, like a huge sea-bird's wings."

"I can not," whispered Loo, as if afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"There, too, is a second in chase, and the one in front is making directly this way," he added.

Loo, this time, was just able to distinguish the vessels as they rose rapidly, both having every available sail set. The atmosphere became clearer, too; and as the sun lifted itself above the waves, the character of the contending ships became quite clear.

"This is the Ocean Girl flying before a larger vessel!" cried Edward; "and yet I understand it not. The pursuer is not a man-of-war; and I never knew Captain Gantling fly before a merchantman. At all events this may enable us to escape. We must make a beacon fire, and possibly the larger vessel may send a boat."

They rose, and, with eager and trembling hands, began collecting wood, bushes, leaves and grass, which they piled round the solitary tree on the summit of the rock.

This operation occupied some considerable time; and when they looked out seaward again, the state of affairs had considerably changed. The brigantine was not more than a mile off shore, going with all sail set, much slower than the larger vessel, which was slightly overhauling the buccaneer.

The pursuing vessel was evidently one of those armed Indianmen which often beat off the largest French corsairs, and four of which, by advancing fearlessly in line of battle, caused five men-of-war, commanded by Surcouf, to fly.

But now a change took place. Edward was narrowly watching the stern of the Ocean Girl; a strange ripple behind puzzled him.

"I see it! I see it!" he cried. "It is a trick. The buccaneer has a spar trailing behind, to retard her speed and draw the pursuer within reach of his guns. That man is the genius of evil!"

His supposition was correct; for, while a heavy spar trailing behind was hauled in, all unnecessary sails were also taken in, and the vessel stripped to her fighting order.

Then the sound of the drum beating to quarters was heard; and, changing her course, the pirate fired a gun at the advancing vessel, which sailed on majestically, without making any reply for some minutes, when she also began to strip for the combat.

They were now very nearly within effective distance, on different tacks, neither showing any colors.

Next minute, however, the broad flag of England appeared at the peak of the large vessel, while a pennant waved from the masthead.

The brigantine showed no response, but next instant a crashing report—that of two broadsides—indicated the commencement of the combat. Round with marvelous rapidity went the Ocean Girl—so much more rapidly than the square-rigged vessel, as to give the first fire—a raking one—which appeared to cause some confusion on board of the enemy.

After this, for some time all was confusion and smoke; the two vessels approaching until they were wrapped in one cloud, the detonations of artillery, and lurid flashes, alone indicating their position.

"And this is war," whispered Loo, shuddering; "this is the way in which Heaven's beautiful ocean is desecrated by selfish man."

"War is a fatal necessity; but this is not war. Here a pirate, after attacking a merchant vessel, has pretended to fly, and has met with his match. Victory to the trader is life to us."

At this instant the vast canopy of vapor moved slowly to the northward, carried away by the light breeze to which the wind had been reduced by the fierce and continuous cannonade.

The two vessels were locked together, and the pirates were rushing like a hive of bees on board of the Indianman. From where they sat, no just idea of the carnage could be obtained, but they knew that it must be fearful. All they could make out was the flash of swords, the crack of pistols, and the hoarse shouting of the men.

"The pirate has met his doom," cried Edward, in a low tone.

The seagull had evidently caught a Tartar. For, as the young man spoke, the whole piratical crew were hurled back upon their own deck, followed by the victorious enemy.

But the brigantine slipped from the grapplings and sheered off, lifting sail after sail with marvelous rapidity.

The other did the same, and soon, once more they saw the buccaneer in full flight before the victorious company's vessel.

At once they proceeded to light their beacon, which in a moment sent up a dense column of smoke, followed by a burst of flame.

They then watched with bated breath for some signal from the victor—a single shot in reply.

But none came. Both vessels, cracking on all sail, continued on their way, until they were lost once more on the blue expanse of ocean, fading away like phantasmagoric shadows of the night.

"Gone! all lost!" whispered Loo; "cruel, cruel vessel!"

"Yes, but though the trader may not return, the buccaneer will," said Edward, sadly; "we must keep a good look-out."

And so, slowly and sadly, they descended to their little island home, all their visions of beatitude quite departed from both their minds.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEW ARRIVALS.

FOR some days they led a monotonous

existence. The goat was tethered in some rich grass ground, and after the second day, the kids, which were quite big enough, were taken from her and placed in the paddock-like inclosure where grew the carrots, the tops of which they were extremely fond of; in this way they obtained a goodly supply of milk. Edward went to the mountains to fetch the goat-flesh which they had left behind, and then quite listlessly they continued their labors for some time.

Though at first they had looked upon a short residence as no great hardship, the sea-fight, having aroused sudden hope in their breasts, had left them terribly disheartened.

It seemed to have snapped the last link between them and society. When would such another chance present itself? However, youth is fortunately hopeful, and inclined to view the rosy side of questions; and by a natural law of humanity, they were soon once more, to a certain extent, reconciled to their fate.

Much time was spent in improving the character of their residence, so as to guard against the rainy season, which is very severe. The roof and sides were strengthened, not only with bark and staves, but by removing creeping plants to the walls, which, growing with marvelous rapidity, soon made one a lower of verdure of it, while the tendrils, entering into every chink, served the purpose of securing their work.

Though no signs of dangerous animals had yet been seen, the nightly fire was kept up; and Edward never forgot to replenish it.

One night it burned low, and he came forth to cast on fresh fuel. It was very dark, but still, as if wind had never blown. He took up a large fagot of boughs and vine sticks, which he cast on.

As he did so, he was startled by the sound of human voices. Looking seaward, he once saw a light dancing on the waters, and the faint tracery of a vessel against the back-ground of the sky.

It was unmistakably the tracery of the brigantine.

The sound he had heard proceeded from a boat's crew, who were cautiously coming up the creek—he could tell this by the slow motion of the oars.

He ascended the ladder which led to Loo's room, and whispered her name.

"Who is there?" she replied, starting up.

quiet, except that all hands were put to work.

Then Loo began to feel ill. The confinement, the want of exercise, and change, and food, told fearfully upon her. Her eyes became unnaturally large, her cheeks pale and wan, and her whole frame shadowy and weak.

Edward saw that something must be done, and that quickly.

The fourth night, after having with great difficulty persuaded her to remain alone, he saw carefully to the loading of his gun, and began his descent toward the camp of the enemy. His design was to obtain some vegetables, and any thing else that fell in his way.

Great caution, however, was necessary, as the pirates would be on the look-out. His only course was to pass through the thicket, and thus reach his own hut, now doubtless used by the chief.

It was close to the thicket.

After a long and tedious journey—but devotion will overcome every difficulty—he reached the desired spot.

The bandits slept at their camp-fires without one sentry. There was a light in the hut, but no sound of voices.

There was a small window at the back, for light and air, and this the boy buccaneer approached with intense caution.

He peered through.

On a bench sat Captain Ganntling—haggard, worn, pale, his eyes sunk in his head, his cheek-bones protruding, and his whole look being that of one devoured with remorse.

He half-dozed, his eyes fixed on vacancy, while muttered words escaped his thin and livid lips.

Before him, on the table manufactured by Edward and Loo, was a small roast leg of pork, some biscuit, and an untouched bottle of wine. These Ned Drake unhesitatingly transferred to the waiter he carried—in this committing a small act of piracy, under the circumstances, quite venial.

The captain put his hand mechanically forward to reach a horn cup of brandy, and as he did so his eyes fell upon the pale, and menacing countenance of Edward, one instant seen—then away.

"More tortures; is he, too, dead?—and comes he to reproach me with my crime? Will this never cease?"

His eyes fall on the table—he misses the supper, and at once the truth flashes across his mind.

"It is himself. What mystery can there be?—how came he here?"

And he stepped out, just as the figure of the boy disappeared in the thicket.

"Ned Drake," he said, "come back; you are safe with me on my word."

"Give me back my father," cried the boy, bitterly, as he darted away under cover of the gloom.

"Great Heaven!" gasped the pirate chief, "how can he have learned—who could have told him? Mine enemy who has escaped me?"

And he re-entered the hut, to drink more heavily still of the brandy, which was now his only solace.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PIRATE CAMP.

NED DRAKE felt a stern and savage dislike of the man supposed by the admiral to have killed his father; and, much as he desired to leave the island, he preferred an eternal exile, to trusting himself within his grasp. He knew the lawless character of the men he had to deal with, and instinctively he hesitated to put one so gentle and so much loved as Loo, in their power.

The moment he disappeared in the dark and gloomy thicket behind the pirate encampment, he walked hurriedly away. He had left the young girl in a state of mind and body quite sufficient to excite alarm and anxiety, and he was fearful that she might be desirous to follow him.

It was nearly dawn when he was once again in sight of the cavern, and there, as he expected, he found Loo, her face haggard and wan, watching for him with intense anxiety. She could hardly believe that he really had returned, after trusting himself near those dreadful men, who excited in her bosom the most intense fear and dislike.

"You surely have not been in the camp!" she cried, when the brave young lad showed his plunder. "What a fearful risk!"

"You would have died, Loo, had I failed," and without another word, he pressed refreshment on her, after which the imperious necessities of fatigue induced him to seek repose.

Late in the afternoon they awoke and had a long conversation. Loo was anxious that they should remain concealed closely until the departure of the pirates took place, when they would be able to return to their home, and wait the arrival of some other vessel of a more respectable character. Edward reasoned differently. He was particularly anxious to know the intentions of the pirate chief. There was something in his manner that closely resembled remorse, and it might be useful to him to know what the captain's conversation with his men.

He resolved, therefore, to start early, and to conceal himself within hearing of the buccaneers, and, if possible, thus to learn their future intentions.

They must know that the island was inhabited, and by this time the captain must suspect by whom.

Would he depart without making an effort to find the fugitive, whose presence must have particularly puzzled him?

"Let me go with you," said Loo, earnestly. "It is so lonely."

"You will only insure my capture," he replied, gravely; "alone, if discovered, I might escape; but together, it would be impossible."

Loo pouted and sat down. She was a young lady now in the habit of being contradicted, but at the same time very sensible. She made no further remark, however, but making up a fresh fire, she prepared anxiously to await his return.

Ned paused for the dusk to fall, and then boldly and fearlessly, he started on his journey.

The way was more familiar to him now, and he reached the spot about an hour after sundown. Creeping through the thicket, he again peered forth.

A very picturesque scene presented itself to his view. The whole crew were at their meals, seated round the little camp-fire which had served to cook their repast. They were chiefly smoking, and as their faces and bearded faces were lit up by the flickering light, they did indeed look a lawless gang.

Most naval countries were represented.

There were Englishmen, Scotchmen, Dutch, Bretons and Italians, with here and there a face which bespoke genuine African origin. These negroes—originally victims—became the most atrocious of villains when once corrupted—just as in gambling-houses, the softest pigeon often becomes the cruellest rook.

They were talking in small groups, but only one excited the attention of Edward Drake.

Close to him, and within reach of his gun-barrel, sat the captain and Jabez Grunn.

The former had been drinking, but not much; the latter had been drinking freely, but without much impression being made upon his great head.

Close by him there was a third individual, whose face was unfamiliar to Ned: he had been shipped, most probably, at Rio de Janeiro.

He was an under-sized, bullet-headed, beetle-browed savage, with hair black and curled like a negro. His lips were thick, his eyes small and restless; his form was that of a strutting Hercules.

"Grunn," said the captain, in a low, confidential whisper, "do you believe the dead ever come back to meet us?"

"Donner und blitzen!" cried the other; "they say so. But I don't know, and don't care. I'm more afraid of a good rope, or a volley of musketry, than of any thing from the other world."

"I fear nothing in this world. But last night, wide awake as I am now, I saw and spoke with young Ned Drake, whose vessel must have been wrecked and all hands drowned."

"I wonder you did not see the ghost of all hands," replied Jabez Grunn.

"Do not joke," said Captain Ganntling, wearily, "it was as I state. I wish the boy had never come aboard on this voyage."

"So do a good many," observed Grunn, drily. "The Jonah—he has spoiled our voyage."

"That has to be seen. When our vessel is once refitted, and again we sail under the true flag, it shall go hard but I get you all ample prize money. It is not that I fear—I had my private reasons for securing that vessel. It is now too late, they have surely gone to the bottom."

"It's my candid opinion that the youngster is skulking about; and if you will spare me and Jacobs here, see if I don't find the young rascal before we go. The crew owes him a grudge."

Should Edward Drake be on this island alive, he is my prisoner, and no harm shall be done to him. Leave him to me," said the captain; "but it is impossible. This hut must be the habitation of some runaway sailor. I shall turn in."

And he strolled away within the hut, the entrance of which he closed.

The two inferior pirates remained alone. These men were united by the bond of intense mutual ruffianism. They had, in days gone by, when on board another vessel, committed crimes which would have made any other men pass sleepless and miserable nights; but in these true limbs of Satan conscience slumbered.

"Who is this, and why does the captain feel so hurt about him?"

"A young whelp whom the captain brought up from childhood, and who has turned spy. I've missed him twice; but if so be he's on this island, I'll be up with him this time. What say you, Jacobs—will you join in the hunt?"

"That will I. But I haven't got one of my dogs. The thing would be done," said the newly-enrolled pirate. "Ah! I them dogs is a fine institution. People talk about sporting, but blast me if there's any thing like a good man-hunt."

"We'll be our own dogs to-morrow. I know this island pretty tidy, and he's an artful chap if he keeps out of my way. Now, if we find him, I shouldn't wonder but he'll leave his bones on the place. I ain't particularly fond of his company on board."

"What will the captain say?" asked Jacobs.

"I don't care a fig; he's getting half-spooney," laughed Grunn.

"He ain't like old Roberts," said Jacobs—a produce of Ratcliffe Highway—his father a Portuguese, his mother a black woman—"those were the times. He was like a freebooter. In his days many a bark was plundered, and yet no tongue betrayed the secret, for drunken ships and murdered seamen followed each deed of rapine, and that they never reached a port, was falsely ascribed to storm or some maritime calamity; but he fooled us after all."

"That was some time after I left," observed the bigger ruffian.

"Yes; it seems that crime and cruelty palled upon him; that some strange fancy for home crossed his brain, so that he secretly determined to abandon a rover's life. We had rich booty in gold, plate and jewels, which he resolved to appropriate to himself, deserting the ship and crew."

"A pretty second!" muttered Jabez, between his teeth.

"He and a confederate packed the whole in parcels of a convenient size, and going into Cuba to refit, they contrived, before the hour of distribution came, to carry all ashore and sail for England."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jabez, "it was cleverly done, and saved the men many a splitting headache and murderous quarrel. Fill, and drink to the success of our man-hunt to-morrow."

The other, nothing loth, willingly consented, and the orgie continued.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 76.)

Wild Western Scenes.

The Buffalo-hunt.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

I remember once to have heard an old trapper ask one of his companions what had been the most exciting moment of his life.

Without an instant's hesitation the reply was, "My first buffalo-hunt." And I think it would be safe to say that such is the experience of every man who has seen any thing of "border life."

It is true the novelty soon wears off, and we learn to mount and dash into or after the herd without even a quickening of the pulse, slaughtering the great brutes as a matter of business rather than pleasure, to obtain fresh meat or perhaps the hides for market, but still the memory of that first hunt never loses its freshness, and we always look back upon it as the supreme moment of our lives.

Of course there are many ways of pursuing the chase.

The "still-hunt," where skill, patience and a thorough knowledge of the animal and its ways are requisite for success. The "drive," where the horsemen approach the herd under cover of timber or thicket as close as is possible, and then suddenly charge, trusting to the fleetness of their steeds to bring them to close quarters. The "surround," a mode usually adopted by the Indians, who hunt in large parties, and when, as the word would suggest, the game is surrounded, the circle closed, and fearful slaughter the result.

There is still another way, barbarous in the extreme, and which, fortunately, requires a peculiar kind of country before it can be put in practice.

In some portions of the great plains that lie along the base of the mountain chains, the earth is cut, by the action of the water, descending from the uplands into barrancas, or gullies, the sides of which are perfectly perpendicular, and which are often of great depth.

When a herd of buffalo are discovered in these localities, should it be the proper season, the neighboring tribe of Indians, or chance hunting party who are out after game, quickly avail themselves of the opportunity, and prepare to bag the herd at one fell swoop.

The tactics used are much the same as those of the "surround," save that the animals are inclosed on all sides save one, and in that direction the great barranca yawns in the level plain.

The semicircle of yelling warriors is swiftly retracted: the frightened herd dash wildly here and there for a moment, and then the leading bulls, discovering the only mode of escape through the gap purposely left, break away closely followed by the others, and then the mighty wave rolls resistlessly on to be engulfed.

As the leading animals approach the chasm they sight the danger and strive to bear to right or left, or even turn back, but the pressure from behind urges them onward, and so rank after rank are hurled over the precipice.

But the "drive" is not only the most sportsmanlike, but the most exciting of all, but at the same time the hunter is exposed, always, to more or less danger.

An incident that occurred in the fall of '96, while we were on the great plains adjacent to the Yellowstone, will, perhaps, serve my purpose here better than any regular description of what a buffalo-hunt, a "drive," really is.

Our fresh meat had long since disappeared, we not daring to hunt, and even the jerked was scarce.

Word was brought into camp early one morning that a large herd of buffalo was grazing upon the prairie beyond a low range of hills, and as no Indians had been seen for several days, and as Old Rubensaid, we all hankered for a rump or juicy rib, the word was given to mount and "go for 'em."

Upon the crest of the high ground half the company were posted to keep watch, while the remainder of us, after looking carefully to our arms, rode slowly down the descent toward a narrow belt of timber that stretched away at right-angles with the hills.

We had not yet sighted the game. They were still beyond a bit of high ground, feeding, so our scout had informed us, about half a mile out on the immense prairie that stretched away unbroken for more than a hundred miles westward and southward.

As the sun rose above the mountains bordering the river, we gained the crest of the swell, where from the shelter of a few scattered bushes, we looked out upon a scene that would have warmed up the most indifferent sportsman.

From the foot of the high ground upon which we stood, the prairie lay level as far as the eye could reach, covered with a growth of buffalo-grass, the favorite food of the animal, with here and there patches of deeper green that marked where the mezz-quit grew.

The herd, a very large one, was feeding southward, the nearest animals being something less than half a mile from our post of observation.

I required but a glance from the hunters to determine the plan of attack, and our forces were rapidly detailed in a manner best suited to carry it out successfully.

The belt of timber through which we had passed to reach our present position grew along the base of a small creek, which for a mile or so ran due north and south, and then suddenly performing a bold curve, swept off toward the south and west.

As I have said, the buffalo were feeding southward, and hence if they continued to do so long enough they must approach and perhaps pass through the belt.

Retreating some little distance so as to get behind the swell we crossed the creek in a body and rode rapidly to the point selected from whence to break cover, which was reached without alarming the game.

With a rapidity that can only be attained by long experience in such matters, each hunter was assigned his part of the herd, either right, left, center or somewhere intermediate, for which he was to ride.

This is done to prevent confusion, as well as to lessen the danger of any receiving a stray ball in the hurry-scurry of the first charge.

The herd have fled to within one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of the timber, and we see that now is the time to break cover and rush to our horses' heads for close quarters. But, suddenly, the leading bulls have halted, and, after throwing up their massive heads impatiently, they are stamping the hard prairie, and uttering a peculiar low, bellowing sound.

It is the signal of danger to the balance of the herd, and signs of flight are manifested on every side.

Not a moment is to be lost, and, with rifles or revolvers on the cock, we dash silently out of the timber, and giving rein, ride as if for life itself.

In an instant the herd sights us, and, wheeling about, they are off, heading westward, to where the prairie apparently has no limit.

Our horses are fresh, and well trained to the sport; hence they need no lash or spur to make them put out their best "licks."

A ride of half a mile or more, and the sharp crack of rifles and pistols are beginning to be heard.

The cows and calves are lagging behind, and these are the first victims.

But R— and myself, together with half a dozen others, are striking for "higher" game. We want to tackle the bulls—fierce and game old fellows they are, too—for a combat with one of them affords more excitement, because of the very strong spice of danger that accompanies the hunt.

Right through the herd we drive, the now thoroughly frightened animals parting on either side, letting us through, and in five minutes we are in the midst of the game we seek.

"Take the big fellow on the right!" shouted R—, as he rode close beside the animal he had selected, and opened fire from his revolver.

Obedying my friend's suggestion, I soon drew out of the press, and, having managed to keep my eye on the old patriarch, closed with him, and delivered my first and last shot, at fifteen paces.

I say only shot, because at the crack of my piece the bull pitched heavily forward on his knees, bellowing fearfully, strove desperately to regain his feet, but failing, rolled over on his side, perfectly dead. I had literally "dropped him in his tracks," a thing that don't often happen once in a whole season's hunting.

I had no leisure to look about me.

The field was much scattered (by the field I mean the drove of buffaloes), and here and there, all over the plain, I caught sight of puffs of white smoke, marking where my companions were at work.

I could see already more than a dozen dark heaps lying about the prairie, giving ocular proof that the boys were not wasting lead.

These dark spots, or heaps, were the forms of buffaloes that had fallen in the fray.

I now turned in my saddle to look for R—, and caught sight of him, still hanging on his animal's flank, away off to the southward, and by the occasional puff of smoke, could tell that he was peppering away at the tough old carcass he was trying to bring down.

Most of the herd had broken away in this direction again, and wishing to have one more shot, I rode rapidly off in pursuit. When within about one hundred yards of R—, I saw his horse, which was young and not much used to the hunt, suddenly shy off from the bull, alongside of which his rider was trying to force him, and the next instant R— was flat of his back on the prairie, the horse scudding away with flying reins, and the old bull that had been so badgered and battered wheeling about for a charge.

With head down, the infuriated beast thundered down upon his now comparatively harmless enemy, who, stunned by the fall, was a little slow, under the pressing circumstances, in getting to his feet.

This he succeeded in doing when the bull was almost upon him, and, obeying my shout to run toward me, he "lit" out at a rate that would have done no discredit to some of the fastest flyers of the turf.

But if R— was swift, the bull was swifter, and I saw that unless I could get in a lucky shot, the case would become serious.

But here was the difficulty: My friend was directly on a line between myself and the pursuer, besides which I knew that to place a bullet directly in the forehead of the latter would simply be throwing it away.

Riding forward at full speed, I motioned with my left hand for R— to bear off slightly to his right.

He took in a moment, and suddenly out away at right angles with his former course, barely making the turn in time to escape the sharp horns that were pressing closely in his rear.

The bull shot by the point some distance before he could make the turn, and when he did finally do so, exposed his side fully to my aim.

R—'s life depended on the shot, and yet it must necessarily be a chance one.

However, it was the only one, and I made it, fortunately so truly that the bull dropped just as R— did, who had given out from sheer exhaustion.

This is only a single incident among hundreds of a like kind, sometimes terminating fatally, that may transpire in hunting buffalo in this manner; but still, for all that, there is nothing in the hunting line that can compare to it.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

JUST PUBLISHED,

DEXTER SMITH'S SONNETS, No. 29.

Containing all of the latest and choicest songs of the popular author of "PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED," which has had the largest circulation of any song ever published in the United States or Europe; besides fifty other popular songs of Dexter Smith.

CONTENTS:

A gay, dashing lover.
Baby's nose to sleep.
Peace hymn.
Bell, of Boston bay.
Breathe it softly to my loved ones.
Columbia is free.
Capit, the little archer.
Darling Minnie Lee.
Down among lily-bells.
Florence McBride.
Freedom on the old plan.
Give the old mail a chance gone before.
Her heart is all my own.
Home and friends again.
Hurrah for the old flag.
In heaven I'll rock thee to sleep.
I wonder if the loves me.
Jamie will return to me.
Let me breathe my mother's name.
Lassie with the hazel eyes.
Let me breathe my mother's name.
Maggie's test.
Maggie's welcome to Paul.
Murmuring brook.
My little wife and I.
Now 'tis bed-time.
Oh! bring me back my childhood.

Oh! mother, kiss away my tears.
Peace hymn.
Please let my brother go.
Put me in my little bed.
Ring the bell softly.
Save the boy.
She is waiting for us there.
She sleeps beneath the roses.
Sweet star of hope.
That little child, a leech around the corner.
The flower of Maribeh.
The howling cliff.
The golden stair.
The little one that fled.
The little wanderer.
The old school-house.
The rose by the door.
They died for you and me.
Totter chasing butterflies.
We met beneath an awning.
What's de matter, Uncle Sam.
When I went courting Sallie!
When no one else is by.
Willie, meet me at the gate.

For sale by all newdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, Ten Cents.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 William Street, N. Y.

A REAL ASTROLOGER. Reveals past, present and future, sends NAME and LIKENESS of future partner, also advice on love, marriage, business, meek, losses, trouble, sickness, etc., etc. Send 25 cents, your age, height, color of hair and eyes. Address, C. B. OBLAKE, 65 Wm. St., N. Y. 87-88.

FIFTY VISITING CARDS with name beautifully finished in India Ink, sent by mail, inclosed in a handsome case, upon receipt of price, 82. Address, HOS. R. STANLEY, 329 Navy St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OUR CANVASSING AGENTS earn \$10 to \$20 daily. New Monopoly. Sells in every family to entire satisfaction. Agents wanted. Address, MYERS & FERGUSON, 104 John St., N. Y. 87-88.

200 MAGIC TRICKS with directions, sent post-free for 35 cents. Address, J. F. REUTER, 2413 Third Avenue, New York. 86-87.

RUPTURE

Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Rupture Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets, illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest to the ruptured, mailed on receipt of ten cents. Address, 59-17, DR. J. A. SHERMAN, 67 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES

And Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discoloration from the skin. For Freckles, Eruptions, Black Heads, Blotched Disfigurements on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

\$360,000 in Gold drawn every 17 days.

Prizes cashed and information furnished. Highest rates paid for donkeys and all kinds of gold and silver.

67-ly. Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, Gun Machinery. Write for Price List, to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, etc., bought or traded for. Agents wanted. 76-30t.

"The American Piano,"

MANUFACTURED BY

DOANE, WING & CUSHING,

423 Broome Street, New York.

The BEST Pianos manufactured in the country, because of their immense power, sweetness, brilliancy and perfect equality of tone, elasticity of touch and great durability.

All of these Pianos have full iron-frame overstrung base, fret desk, carved pedal, solid rosewood mouldings, ivory key fronts, patent "agrafa" treble, and are full-size, having seven and one-third Octaves. While the manufacturers have thus spared no expense to produce a really first-class article, they have at the same time furnished an instrument at a comparatively moderate price. It is unfortunate that so many buyers of pianos are either so situated that they have not a chance to test the instrument personally before purchasing, or else having this privilege they are incapable of forming a correct judgment themselves or obliged to trust the purchase to a third party who will probably select an instrument from those who will allow him the largest commission. We have here an instrument of moderate price, comparatively, and still one unrivalled in excellence. For fineness of tone, clearness and power, they have few, if any, equals, and they are in every way, deserving their high and constantly increasing reputation.

"THE AMERICAN PIANO" also combines the much sought singing quality of tone with unrivalled purity and power. They are models of perfection in design, and are finished in the best manner known to the trade. Parties wishing to obtain a perfect instrument should try

"THE AMERICAN PIANO,"

DOANE, WING & CUSHING,

423 Broome St., New York.

DR. RICHARD'S GOLDEN REMEDIES.

Use these only, and save time, health and money. \$1,000 REWARD for any case of disease in any stage which they fail to cure.

DR. RICHARD'S GOLDEN BAL-SAM, No. 1, cures Ulcers, Ulcerated Sore Throat and Mouth, Sore Eyes, Cutaneous Eruptions, Copper-Colored Blotches, Soreness of the Scalp, Scrofula, etc.; it is the Greatest Renovator, Alterative and Blood Purifier known, removes all mercury from the system, and leaves the blood pure and healthy.

DR. RICHARD'S GOLDEN BAL-SAM, No. 2, cures Mercurial Affections, Rheumatism in all its forms, and gives immediate relief in all cases.

Price of either No. 1 or 2, 50¢ per bottle, or two for \$9.

DR. RICHARD'S GOLDEN ANTIDOTE, a radical cure for all Urinary Derangements. Price, 30¢ per bottle.

DR. RICHARD'S GOLDEN ELIXIR D'AMOUR, a radical cure for Nervous or General Debility, in old or young; imparting energy with wonderful effect.

Price, 50¢ per bottle, or two for \$9.

On receipt of price these remedies will be shipped to any place. Prompt attention paid to all correspondents. None genuine without the name of DR. RICHARD'S GOLDEN REMEDIES, DR. D. B. RICHARDS, Sole Proprietor, blown in glass of bottles.

Send money by Express, or order goods through your Druggist. Address, 55-9m, DR. D. B. RICHARDS, 228 Varick st., N. Y.

THE STAR BOOKS.

GOOD READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

TEN-CENT STAR NOVELS.

1. The Wood Rangers.
2. The Patriot Scouts.
3. Peter Smith.
4. The Backwoodsmen.
5. The Phantom Chief.
6. The Prairie Trail.
7. The Black Hawk.
8. Westward Bound.
9. Chingha, the Cheyenne.
10. Witch of the Willowish.
11. The Young Pioneer.
12. The Beautiful Un-known.
13. The Jungle Scout

"IF!"

BY JOE F. MORAN.

I know a girl who has big black eyes,
An' she is both an' a fair to see;
But if them an' eyes was small an' gray,
How ugly this young girl then would be!

An' I know a young feller who, when he is dressed
In the latest fashion, cuts a big swell;
If it was the style of our grandfather's days
It wouldn't become him, wun' quarter as well.

Then there's my old woman who always finds fault,
An' the greatest old scold ever I did see;
But if she couldn't make enny use of her tongue
What a queer old woman she then would be!

I've read of a fox wantin' sunthin' to eat,
An' he wish't fur sum grapeses his hunger to cure;
If they'd only been within reach of his paw,
He would have had sum for his supper, I'm sure.

I hear'd tell of our Washington's tellin' the truth,
Which saved him from gettin' the dreaded lashin';
Fur if, 'stead of that, he had told a big lie,<
His dad would hev gave him an awful big thrashin'.

A cert' in young lady got mad at her beau,
Fur when biddin' good-by, the young man never
kissed her;
If she had kissed him 'twould hav' done jest as well.
But that happy idea I s'pose must have missed her!

I once know'd a man by the name of John Smith,
So kindhearted he'd lend you his very last cent;
If that wusn't so munny John Smith in the world,
Perhaps you would know then jest which wun I ment.

But, to cap the hull climax, I once knew a man,
Who died shortly after he took him a wife,
An' if I'd keep on with this here 'tarnal r'yme
I could tell why the poor feller ended his life!

The Gipsy's Curse.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In the mellow gloaming of a departing autumnal day stood a youthful twain upon a precipice that overlooked the boisterous English Channel.

The youth held the maiden's hands in both of his, and looked deeply into her pretty cerulean eyes, that sparkled and danced beneath long nut-brown lashes.

"Erminie," he said, "again I have disobeyed the stern injunctions of my only parent to meet thee, the sweet idol of my visions, upon the hallowed spot where first I spoke of love to woman fair. Girl, were he to find us here I know not what would follow. A De Courcy becomes a whirlwind when anger usurps his heart-throne. This morn he said to me: 'Boy, if you meet that girl—he did not say 'girl,' Erminie, but that is the word I will use—yes, if you greet her in any way, by the will of heaven! I separate you forever.'

"But, Erminie," De Courcy's heir continued, "happy in each other's love, we will brave his anger. The white-crested waves that now ride across the channel oft become calm. Thus with my father, the earl. When he discovers, as sooner or later he must, that he can not separate our loves, he will submit to the decrees of a Power higher in authority than himself."

Following young Hugh De Courcy's sentence, with the rapidity of thought, the word "never!" rent the balmy air.

The next instant Ralph De Courcy sprang between the devoted lovers.

"Curse you, low-born girl!" he cried, his eyes aflame with the terrible passion that consumed his heart. "Your beauty would ruin the De Courcys, as the beauty of Egypt's voluptuous queen ruined Antony. What! think you that my son and heir should wed a low-born gipsy? No! Virgin-like, I'd slay him first, and throw his soulless form to yon boisterous waves."

And he tore the lovers' hands apart, and hurled Erminie from him.

"Father! father! what do you do?" shrieked Hugh, darting past his parent, with outstretched arms, for the girl tottered upon the edge of the cliff!

But Hugh De Courcy was too late to save. With a cry of despair that floated far out upon the channel, the girl wildly clutched at space, and fell headlong from the precipice!

Horror-stricken, father and son gazed into each other's face, and the dreadful silence that followed was of long duration.

"Boy," at last cried Sir Ralph, "her blood be upon your skirts not mine. You persuaded her to meet you here to-night—persuaded her against my commands—and you are responsible for the terrible result. Did I not say that a disobedience of my behests would separate you and your gipsy love forever? Now, Hugh De Courcy, you are free from the fowler's net—though it cost a life to free you. Now, come with me to the mansion, and sign the betrothal bond between yourself and Bertie, the heiress of Mosslands."

"Never!" cried the son, throwing his right hand aloft. "Father—murderer—were a more appropriate name—I never love again, nor shall this hand press other maiden's save she whom, in the incarnation of purity, you have slain. Though a gipsy's child, father, she was worthy a De Courcy's love. Her soul, ah! that sinless soul! Would to God, father, that yours were half so free of stain. You may plot for Bertie Courtland, but I never wed. I go to wrest from the waves the purest freight they ever bore," and with this he disappeared in a path leading down the cliff.

And Ralph De Courcy returned to his manor, muttering that, in time, Bertie Courtland would become his daughter.

All through that long autumn night Hugh searched for the woman he loved. With lanterns borrowed from the untutored inhabitants of the beach, he searched every cape and cave; but was forced to the awful conclusion that the wild waves had borne Erminie forever from his sight.

From the beach he proceeded to the magnificent stables attached to the estate.

Entering one, he caparisoned his favorite courser, and rode away like the boreal blast.

"Richland, adieu," he cried, pausing upon an acclivity which overlooked the possessions of the De Courcys. "And thou, murderer—though my father—a long farewell. The land I loved I now hate, and a restless wanderer, until death, becomes Hugh De Courcy."

He rode down the street and disappeared.

While Hugh De Courcy rode from the place of his birth the earl paced his luxurious bary.

He knew not of his son's flight, and thought that he had triumphed over love.

Suddenly a heavy step in the hall roused him, and, looking up, he beheld a wild-looking creature standing in the doorway.

Her garments and personal appearance proclaimed her a gipsy, who, in all probab-

ity, belonged to the nomadic band encamped upon the Courtland possessions.

Sir Ralph paused and confronted his weird visitor, who, without invitation, stalked forward and threw herself upon a chair. The earl frowned at her forwardness, and dropped into his arm-chair at her side.

"Well," he said, in a gruff voice, "what do you want?"

"My child!" the woman cried, looking straight into the earl's eyes.

"Your child?" he echoed. "Woman, I know naught of your offspring."

"Ralph De Courcy, do not mock me," she cried. "Last night Erminie and your son stood upon the Devil's Crag. You came between them, and—where's my child?"

The earl was silent.

A moment later the gipsy sprang to her feet, with such violence as to hurl her chair to the floor.

"You've killed my child, Ralph De Courcy!" she shrieked. "Erminie, whom I have loved through so many years. Oh! heaven curse this man—this titled murderer!" and she towered before the earl with uplifted hands and clenched. "Visit him, righteous Judge, with afflictions that break the heart but do not kill. May he become a landless lord, a childless father, a man hating himself, and tired of life, but yet afraid to die. Thus, Ralph De Courcy, I invoke Heaven's most terrible anathemas upon thy accursed life."

During the pronouncing of the gipsy's curse, Ralph De Courcy shrunk from the speaker, as though her touch were contagious.

Something indescribable and indefinable told him that that curse was doomed to become a prophecy, as true as the prophecies of Holy Writ.

He buried his face in his hands to shut out the past that came swarming back, and when he looked up again the wild creature was gone, and a servant stood in her place.

"Well?" demanded the earl.

"Your son has fled, never, he told me, to return."

Ralph De Courcy groaned from the depth of his heart.

"The curse, the curse!" he muttered, staggering from the room. "Every word of it will be fulfilled."

A wild storm raged along the English coast, and swept across the channel with resistless fury.

In the small apartment of a light-house sat two men.



THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

One could easily have been distinguished as the old light-keeper; but the social position of the other would have been difficult to fix.

He had the look and breeding of a titled personage, but wore the clothes of a beggar.

"Job," he said, speaking to the light-keeper, "as I have said, I have no money to offer you for the service I ask at your hands. You know my circumstances. Once I owned Richland, England's proudest estate; but now, sir, I am almost a beggar. My son and heir sleeps in an unknown grave. Five long years ago—years freighted with misery for me—he left. I feel him dead; but let that pass, Job. My bitterest enemy appears in the channel to-night. They will see your light, and avoid the rocks. Extinguish the lamps, and send him to the bottom. Do it, Job, for old memories' sake. I procured you this position, you know."

But the old man was true to his trust. He refused to extinguish the lights for the hated and life-hating Ralph De Courcy, against whom the gipsy's curse had been fulfilled.

The man was desperate.

Suddenly he sprang upon the old light-keeper, and bound him to his great oak chair.

Then he clambered aloft and blew out the great sheet-light—a guide to storm-tossed tars.

Through the long winter night Ralph De Courcy trembled in that old light-house. Now and then a shriek rose above the storm, to be stifled by the waves.

At last day broke upon a still, angry channel.

De Courcy descended to the ragged rocks at the foot of the light-house.

Pieces of a wreck lay in profusion everywhere.

Near the water something like a kneeling woman greeted his vision. A strange impulse urged him forward. The figure bent over a prostrate man, and raised its head when the accursed one's footsteps fell upon her ear.

A glance at the pale face she exhibited, drew a shriek from Ralph De Courcy.

Erminie, the gipsy's daughter, knelt before him, and over—his son!

The beggarly earl threw himself before Hugh.

He was not dead!

At that moment the light-keeper, who had at last succeeded in releasing himself, made his appearance.

The two men bore Hugh, nearer death than life, into the light-house.

He recovered, thanks to the care bestowed upon him by his father and Erminie.

Mutely, De Courcy turned to the girl.

"That night!" she said. "A fishing-smack picked me up, and, at my own wish, placed me upon a vessel sailing from the channel. In France fate decreed that Hugh and I should meet again. There we also encountered her who has long called me daughter. She is dead now, and I return to England and a father's embrace."

"What mean you, girl?" cried De Courcy.

"I mean, sir, that I am the long-lost child of the Duke of Mersey. My gipsy mother stole me long ago. She told Hugh and me all before she died."

A week later Erminie trod the halls of Mersey's gorgeous pile of masonry, and Ralph De Courcy was called hence to answer for his wicked deeds.

Hugh ultimately recovered Richland, and the gipsy's daughter is the happy wife of a De Courcy.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

"Tom Dickson's Boy's" Last Fight.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"COME, Ferd, you promised to tell us how Tom Dickson's boy came to lose his hair, and you'll have plenty of time now while Rube and Grady are hunting up the trail."

"Plenty uv time! Yer bet I will, an' more, too, fur, ef I hain't mout'ly outen it, they won't pick up the right eend uv it till that's more light nor ther's now," said Ferd, as he seated himself on his saddle and glanced round his audience.

"Yer all remembers how the lad kem by the quare name; that time, yer know, when he hived the varmints in the cabin an' rubbed out the last one uv 'em. Well, es I sed, that time he warn't never knowned by no other name, an' it ar a quare thing that it war the last word the poor feller ever spoke."

"The boyce growed up ter be jess one uv the smartest trailers an' best Injun fighters thet ever looked through the hind sights uv a rifle; ther only thing thet ever ked be sed ag'in him wur thet he war too game an' wenterome, an' thet, yer all knows, won't do at all in these hyar parts."

"All over ther range they chased the lad, high up an' low down, in wallys an' gulches an' canyons, an' ev'rywhar he marked ther trail w' the blood uv the best warriors in ther tribe."

"Sunmow or other word was fetched in to Rube an' the fellers, who war trappin' down on the Forks; thet the thing war goin' on, an' though thar war only thirteen in the party, they puts fur the mout'ins ter take a hand in the bizness."

"They got thar too late to do the boy enny good, but heard ther story uv ther chase an' fout from his own mouth, an' arter he war dead buried him in ther canyin."

"It wur the mornin' uv ther fourth day, the boy sed, arter the 'Paches sot fairly to work to captur' him, thet they bed drewed in thar lines aroun' a high peak thet lifted right over the canyin whar his ranch war. He hed took to this es ther last chance, hopin' to find an openin' outen which he mout creep, but they hilt too tight a watch, an' he war druv back at ev'ry pint."

"Three times a warrior closed w' the lad, an' ev'ry time he rubbed out enny thing 'cept a bihorn ked travel, an' then they war sartin uv thar game."

"Four uv the Injuns kem at him."

"The fo'most he throw'd in his tracks w' his rifle; ther next he busted wide open w' ther piece clubbed! An' ther third he sarved ther same way. Ther last 'un, a powerful big feller, he closed w' an' knifed afore the imp knowed what war up, an' got cl'ar uv the cliff an' up ther mout'ins."

"But it warn't no go. Slow but sartin they closed in on him, every now an' then losin' a warrior till they got so desprit thet they broke kiver, an' though they knowed shore death war waitin' the leadin' ones, they charged straight up to whar the boy stood."

"He war at his last stand. He kedn't go no further. Behind him ther cliff riz straight up w'out break or seam; on one side an' in front ther canyin opened, an' on 'other side a narrier path, up which ther 'Paches war comin' like a passel uv mad devils."

"Thar ain't much more to tell 'bout it."

"Es mout 'a' been expected, ther fust red-skin went down w' the boy's bullet plum-center between the eyes."

"Another one sailed over ther precipice w' hardly enny head left, but ther third 'un rushed in, an' afore the boy ked rekriver from dealin' ther last blow, knocked ther

Short Stories from History.

The Fate of Authors—(continued.)
But the sufferings of men of genius in other countries are nothing when compared to their distresses in England. "We know not where," says a writer, "among the same number of men, occupied in the same pursuit, so many instances of unhappiness could be discovered, as among the British poets."

Look at the reward for their labors. Milton sold the copyright of his inimitable "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds; could it have brought less if it had been held up to sale amid a group of naked savages? Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold in the hour of distress, with little distinction from any other work in that class of composition; and "Evelina" produced five guineas from the niggardly trader! Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his "Biography of the Poets" at two hundred guineas; the booksellers, in the course of twenty-five years, probably got five thousand.

Rushworth and Rymer, to whose collections English history stands so deeply indebted, spent the vigor of their lives in forming them; till Rymer, in the utmost distress, was obliged to sell his books and his fifty volumes of MSS., which he could not get printed; and Rushworth, being arrested for debt, was committed to the King's Bench Prison, where he dragged out the last six years of his life in the most wretched condition.

Granger says of his elaborate and admirable biography: "On a fair state of my account, it would appear that my labors in the improvement of my work do not amount to half the pay of a scavenger!" He received only one hundred pounds to the time of Charles I., and was to depend on public favor for the continuation. The sale was sluggish; even Walpole seemed doubtful of its success, and probably secretly envied the skill of our portrait painter. It was too philosophical for the mere collector; and it took near ten years before it reached the hands of philosophers. The author derived little profit, and never lived to see its popularity established.

During the time that that oracle of all classes, "Moore's Almanac," was conducted by Henry Andrews, the sale rose to four hundred and thirty thousand annually; for which this extraordinary man never received more than twenty-five pounds a year (\$125).

After such instances of niggardly requital, need we wonder at the tragic conclusion to which many of our finest writers have come? Spenser, the charming Spenser, died forsaken and in want; Otway was suffocated through the rapacity of hunger; Butler and Dryden struggled through life in a state of the most precarious indigence; Chatterton went mad from sheer want; and Dekker, Cotton, Savage, and Lloyd breathed their last in jails.

Let us hope that a brighter era has now dawned. The reading public of past times was but a small body compared with that of the present; and the public, collectively considered, is always a good and generous master. It may be sometimes mistaken as to the merits of a candidate for favor; but it is never mistaken long. A performance, too, may be forced for a time into reputation; but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, soon discovers its precise value.

The Knights Templars.—To the crusades the world is indebted for the orders of knighthood, of which that of the Knights Templars was one of the first and most distinguished. The generous Templars confined not their benevolence within the narrow limits of family or national connection. Christianity and misfortune were the only cements which attached them to any.

The number of the Templars was at first only nine, Hugo de Pagannes, or Payennes, Geoffry de St. Aldemars, and seven whose names are not known. In the year 1117 or 1119, they went as pilgrims to the Holy Land, when Baldwin II. was king. When they arrived at Jerusalem, they were so much shocked at the terrible distress of the Christian inhabitants, that they engaged themselves by oath to the most solemn nature, to protect and succor the helpless and distressed. They applied to King Baldwin for permission to form themselves into a fraternity, and dwell in Jerusalem. Baldwin approved of their petition, and, with the sanction of Pope Honorius II., they were formed into an order.

Their rules and habits being settled, they began to consider what services they could render mankind. Being informed that in the town of Zafa there resided many thieves, who molested the pilgrims that resorted to the Holy Sepulcher, they resolved to disperse them. For this purpose the King of Jerusalem gave them lodgings in his palace near the Holy Sepulcher, and near the place where Solomon's Temple once stood, whence they were called Templars; and in old records are styled *Fratres Militie Templi Solomonis*. For the first nine years, they were reduced to great poverty; but as they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and healed the sick, their virtue became renowned; many persons entered their order, and left them estates which rendered them wealthy. When the Templars first settled in England, they built a temple in Holborn; but in the reign of Henry II., finding this inconvenient, they built another in Fleet street, from the model of that which they had at Jerusalem.

The Templars at length became numerous and famous for their valor, fighting the infidels by sea and land; and such was once the general opinion of their honor and fidelity, that any grounds, territories, or castles, which were object of dispute, were committed to the care of the Knights Templars. So many princes and great men left their fortunes, that they possessed at last sixteen thousand lordships in Europe.

Among the rules for preserving the honor of the order, it was ordained that a Templar should be legitimate, and noble in arms and family, for three descents. The spirit of the order is well exhibited in the answer of their Grand Master, Odo St. Amand, to Saladin. In one of the battles of the crusades, the Grand Master took the nephew of Saladin prisoner. Shortly afterward he made a captive of Odo, to whom he offered his liberty, on condition that he would restore Saladin's nephew. Odo replied that he would never set his brethren the example of surrendering themselves prisoners, in hopes of being ransomed; and that it was the duty of a Templar to vanquish or die; and that he had nothing to give for his ransom but his knife and his girdle.

Some Advice.—Never marry a man till you have seen him eat. Let him pass through the ordeal of eating soft-boiled eggs. If he can do it, and leave his table spread, the napkin and his shirt unspotted, take him. Try next with a spare-rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding-day—he'll do to tie to.